(3)

VIRTUE Betray'd;

OR,

ANNA BULLEN:

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at his

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

Duke's THEATRE.

The FIFTH EDITION Corrected.

By *JOHN BANKS*, Author of *The Earl of* Essex, *or the Unhappy Favourite.*

LONDON:

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MDCCLIII.

To the Illuſtrious Princeſs

ELIZABETH,

Ducheſs of SOMERSET.

MADAM,

HAving met with Succeſs in a Poem of this Nature, I was encourag'd to proceed and lay the Scene again in a Country, that perhaps hath not been, nor is now inferior for heroick Perſonages to any part of the World; and if it is not ſo eſteem'd, it has been thro' the Dulneſs of our Hiſtorians, or the Ingratitude or Deſign of our Poets, who may think it an eaſier Courſe to write of the Improbable and Romantick Actions of Princes remote, both by diſtance of time and place, than to be confin'd at Home, where every School-Boy has a Right to be a Critick, and ev'ry Gentleman an Intereſt to ſtand the Champion of his Family, againſt a raſh and inconſiderate Author. I ſay not this to derogate from thoſe excellent Perſons, who, I ought to believe, have written more to pleaſe their Audiences, than themſelves; but to perſuade them, as *Homer* and our *Shakeſpear* did, to immortalize the Places where they were born; and then perhaps, I will ſit down, and leave it to much abler Pens.

When I was reſolv'd to do my Country this Juſtice, where could I pitch upon an *Heroe* more conſiderable, than out of your Grace's Family? What Chronicle could I conſult, that wou'd have inform'd me of a greater? The very Crown it ſelf, obliged by ſo many gallant Supporters, wou'd have told me a *Piercy*—*Piercy* whoſe Illuſtrious Name and Blood have for a long Series of Years ran thro' the Perſons of ſo many Earls of *Northumberland:* And if that ineſtimable Chain was almoſt broken, in the unfortunate Death of your Father, it were ever enough to be deplor'd, had not the rich Treaſure and Chryſtal Stream of all your Predeceſſor's Blood and Virtues been ſtor'd in you, which (now you have ſubmitted to take a noble Partner, as Angels have delighted to converſe with Men) may prove the ſecond and more laſting Fountain, from whence ſhall ſpring as many Princes more, and you reſtore what the great *Jocelin* had like to have loſt. There is ſo much of Divinity and Wiſdom in your Choice, that none but the Almighty ever did the like; and that was, when to the Solitary Firſt of Men he gave a Wife, and with her, the World and *Eden* for a Dower; *England* adores you for it; the Proteſtant Religion bleſſes you, the Saints above ſing loud your Praiſe, and the chief of all, young *Edward*, its great Eſtabliſher, look'd down with Joy to ſee his happy Succeſſor lie in your Arms. This great Day of *Jubilee*, how doubly fortunate has it made ME! Since this exalted Piece, which I deſign'd for an humble Offering may prove an *Epithalamium*; long may you love, and live a thouſand Years, ere envious Death ſhall part you; for every Day of ſuch Illuſtrious Lovers is more worth than whole Years of ſordid Life beſide. But why do I ſuppoſe that you ſhould ever die? You have a thouſand Charms, and Youth impregnable againſt Death's Batteries this many Ages yet; and who ever was ſo happy as to ſee your incomparable Mother, and how many Years of Beauty ſhe has to come, will think that yours will never fade, but always bloom: You look as if you had nothing mortal in you: Your Guardian Angel ſcarce is more a Deity than you, and the bright

bright Planet that ſhin'd with ſuch amazing Influence at your Birth, makes not a more glorious Figure in the Heaven, than you on Earth.

When I made Choice of ſo excellent a Subject, I was not to ſeek for a Dedication: I was commanded to it, even by the good Fate of the Play: For before what Patroneſs ſhou'd I kneel, but Her, the Character of whoſe great Anceſtor was the chiefeſt Stroke and Lineament, that made it acceptable to the World? And it is as much your Grace's due, as *firſt Fruits* are to Monarchs. For *Anna Bullen*, tho' I drew her in the niceſt *Ideas* that ever my Pen or Fancy could be capable of, yet I confeſs ſhe comes ſhort of the Excellency of your real Perfections; and tho' her Merits rais'd her to a Crown, and ſhe was Queen, her Fortunes were leſs miraculous than yours. For Heav'n, without a Diadem, never ſhower'd down ſo many admirable Bleſſings of Virtue, Beauty, Birth, Wit, and Fortune, upon one of your Sex before. I dare no further attempt their Deſcription with my Ignorance, leſt I ſpeak too meanly or irreverently of 'em; therefore I'll leave the mighty Subject to ſome more glorious Pen: for none but a *Cowley*, or the beſt of *Laureats* ought to write of you: My mean Stile has no other Ornament than the Truth, and with that, and in all Humility, I return your Thanks for you moſt gracious Acceptance of ſo poor a Trifle, which has ſcarce given a more happy Life to the Play, than it has to the Author, who is, *Madam*,

Your Grace's moſt Humble,

moſt Obedient, and

moſt Devoted Servant,

J. BANKS.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken to *Anna Bullen*, Written by a Perſon of *Quality*.

TO all impartial Judges in the Pit,
And ev'ry beauteous Patroneſs of Wit;
I'm ſent to plead the Poet's Cauſe, and ſay,
There's not one Slander in his modeſt Play:
He brings before your Eyes a modern Story,
Yet meddles not with either Whig *or* Tory.
Was't not enough, vain Men of either ſide,
Two Roſes once the Nation did divide?
But muſt it be in Danger now again,
Betwixt our Scarlet *and* Green-Ribbon *Men?*
Who made this diff'rence were not England's *Friends.*
Be not their Tools to ſerve their plotting Ends.
Damn the State-Fop, who here his Zeal diſcovers,
And o'er the Stage like our ill Genius, hovers,
Give us a Pit of Drunkards, and of Lovers;
Good ſanguine Men, who mind not State Affair,
But bid a baſe World of it ſelf take care.
We hope there lives not ſo abhorr'd a Thing,
But loves his Country, and would ſerve his King.
But in your Parties, why ſhould we engage,
Or meddle with the Plots of a mad Age?
We loſe enough by thoſe upon the Stage.
Welcome Maſk-Teazer, peeviſh Gameſter, Huffer;
All Fools but Politicians we can ſuffer;
A God's Name, let each keep to his Vocation;
Our Trade is to mend you, and not the Nation:
Beſides, our Author hath this further End,
'Tis not enough if but one Side's his Friend,
He needs you all, his Weakneſs to defend:
And to oblige you to't, hopes he has ſhown
No Country has Men braver than your own:
His Heroes all to England *are confin'd;*
To your own Fathers (ſure) you will be kind.
He brings no Foreigners to move your Pity,
But ſends them to a Jury of the City.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

WELL, Sirs, your kind Opinion now, I pray,
Of this our neither Whig *nor* Tory *Play:*
To blow such Coals our conscious Muse denies;
Wit, sacred Wit, such Subjects should despise.
The Author says, his Heliconian *Stream*
Is not yet drain'd to such a low Extreme;
T' abuse one Party with a cursed Play,
And bribe the other for a large Third Day.
Like Gladiators, then you strait resort;
And croud to make your Nero-*Faction Sport.*
But what's more strange, that Men of Sense should do it!
For worrying one another, pay the Poet:
So Butchers at a Baiting, take delight,
For him that keeps the Bears, to roar and fight;
Both Friends and Foes such Authors make their Game,
Who have your Money, that was all their Aim:
No matter for the Play, nor for their Wit,
The better Farce is acted in the Pit.
Both Parties to be cheated will agree,
And swallow any Nonsense, so it be
With Faction fac'd, and gilt with Loyalty.
Here's such a Rout with Whigging and with Torying,
That you neglect your dear lov'd Sin of Whoring:
The Visor-Mask that ventur'd her Half-Crown,
Finding no Hopes but here to be undone,
Like a cast Mistress past her dear Delight,
Turns godly strait, and goes to Church in Spite;
And does not doubt, since you are grown so fickle,
To find more Cullies in a Conventicle:
We on the Stage stand still, and are content,
To see you act what we should represent.
You use us like the Women that you woo;
You make us Sport, and pay us for it too.
Well, we're resolv'd, that in our next Play-Bill,
To print at large a Trial of your Skill,
And that Five hundred Monsters are to fight;
Then more will run to see so strange a Sight,
Than the Morocco, *or the* Moscovite.

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

King Harry.	*Mr.* Smith.
Cardinal.	*Mr.* Gillow.
Northumberland.	*Mr.* Wiltſhire.
Piercy.	*Mr.* Betterton.
Rochford.	*Mr.* Joſ. Williams.

W O M E N.

Anna Bullen.	*Mrs.* Barry.
Lady Diana Talbot.	*Mrs.* Petty.
Lady Eliz. Blunt.	
Young Princeſs Elizabeth.	

Ladies, Gentlemen, Attendants, and Guards.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

Virtue Betray'd;

OR,

ANNA BULLEN.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter Northumberland *and* Rochford.

North. THIS is the Day ſhall crown your Parents wiſhes,
And long-expected Hopes: The King intends
To publiſh ſtrait his Marriage with your Siſter,
And make her known by th' Title of a Queen.
The reaſon why it was ſo long kept ſecret,
Was our great Cardinal's Delays, and Tricks
Of *Rome*, which *Harry* has with Frowns diſcover'd:
But ſince, in ſpite of *Wolſey* and the Conclave,
By Reverend *Cranmer* has the Cauſe been try'd;
And *Katherine* is this Day proclaim'd divorc'd.

Roch. Heav'n be my witneſs, brave *Northumberland!*
It joys not me, but that it is his Pleaſure,
Whoſe Happineſs we all are bound to pray for:
And may my Siſter's Crown ſit lighter on

Her

Her Brow, than does the Honour upon mine:
Something of boding whiſpers to my Soul,
And tells me, oh! this Marriage will be fatal—
Methinks I ſee a Sword ty'd to a Thread,
Small as a Hair, hang o'er our Pageant Greatneſs:
Believe me, Friend, Thrones are ſevereſt Touch-ſtones;
And, like the Emblem of their Guard, the Lion,
All but of Royal Blood they will deſtroy.

North. My Lord, this is ſevere to all that love you;
And you reflect unkindly on your Fortune.

Roch. Fortune! why did ſhe lay her Load on her?
A Load, I ſay, to quiet Minds—ſhe ſhould
Have caſt it upon one that was ambitious:
My Lord, it had been kindly done of Fortune,
T'have ſeen my Siſter wedded to her Vows,
Your *Piercy*'s Wife; and not at one time made her
Both cruel to the Queen, and falſe to him.

North. You know, my Lord, we are all Witneſſes
With what Remorſe ſhe took the Regal Burden,
That ſat upon her like a heavy Armour
On a Child's Back; ſhe ſtagger'd with the Weight.

Roch. Oh! may it not be fatal to us, Heav'n!
For at the very time ſhe gave her Hand,
To th' eager King, to faſten't with a Pledge,
The Ring fell off, and could no more be found.

North. Meer Chance, my Lord.

Roch. And then immediately,
When the glad Ceremonies were perform'd,
The amorous King bending to kiſs her Hand,
A Shower of Pearls broke Paſſage from her Eyes,
And all-bedew'd his Head with ominous Tears.

North. The common Uſe of every baſhful Bride.

Roch. What will ſhe do, when ſhe ſhall underſtand
Our foul Deſigns, and *Piercy*'s Innocence;
His Letters to her that you intercepted,
And counterfeited others to deceive her,
To make her once believe that he was marry'd?
But what a mortal Grief will ſeize your Son,
When he ſhall find his Miſtreſs was betray'd,
And forc'd to marry one ſhe cannot love?

North.

North. To prevent that; ſoon as he's come to Court,
Juſt but to ſee ſhe's marry'd, and no more,
(Not giving him the Time for ſecond Thoughts)
I'll make a Match between him and the Heireſs
Of *Shrewſbury*.

Roch. A very gallant Lady:
As Virtuous, Beautiful, and Richer far
Than all your Generation of that Sex.

North. You wrong your ſelf to flatter me. Her Father
Brings her this Day on purpoſe from the Country:
But the Queen thinks already they are marry'd.

Roch. And are you ſure to gain your Son's Conſent,
To what he has been ſtill ſo obſtinate?

North. Rage and Deſpair, when he ſhall find her falſe,
Will make him raſhly change to any State;
And, thinking to be miſerable, will plunge
Into the dreadful Sea of Matrimony,
And make himſelf, tho' much againſt his Will,
The happieſt Man that ever was on Earth.

Enter Cardinal Wolſey *muſing.*

Behold the proud imperious Cardinal,
With ſuch a furious Tempeſt on his Brow,
As if the World's four Winds were pent within
His bluſtering Carcaſs. He has heard the News,
And comes to argue with his Friend, the Devil,
The Reaſon of his No-Intelligence.

Roch. The Popedom now, and all the Wealth in *Rome*
Can ſcarcely recompence him for the Fright
This News has put him in——See how he ſtaggers,
Giddy with th' Height his Pride has rais'd him to.
'Tis then moſt fatal to unhappy *England*,
When ſuch Church Blazing-Stars appear in it.

[*Ex.* North. *and* Roch.

Card. Marry'd in private, and declar'd his Queen!
Katherine divorc'd, and *Anna Bullen* marry'd!
Now, by our Holy Father's Triple Crown,
It muſt not, cannot, nay, it ſhall not be.
Where was your Aid, that time, you ſlothful Saints,
You whom falſe Zeal created in more Numbers
Than e'er the Heathen made and worſhipp'd Gods?

A *Lutheran* Queen upon the Throne of *England*.
She to lie in the Boſom of our Prince!
A Buxom King, that for a wanton Smile
Will pawn his Faith, and turn an Heretick!

Enter the Lady Elizabeth Blunt.

Blunt. Awake thou wretched dreaming Prieſt, look up;
Can you behold your proud St. *Peter* ſhake?
The mighty Pillar of that ſpreading Church,
That holds the great Religion of the World,
To ſtagger, and beſtow no Help, no Aid,
From mighty *Wolſey*'s Shoulders to ſupport it?
Is this the great King Cardinal, who late
From ſmalleſt Root began to ſhade the Land,
And ſtood the talleſt Cedar of the Church?
Shame to thy Prieſthood, and thy ſcarlet Robe,
Ev'n thou to whom the liberal See of *Rome*
Has given all, next giving of her ſelf:
Unworthy Servant of ſo kind a Miſtreſs.

Card. What does the Faireſt mean?

Blunt. Ha! Muſt I teach thee?
Art thou the Thing that from the Chaff of Mankind,
From the baſe ſcurrilous Rubbiſh of the World,
Firſt found thy ſelf a Way to thrive by Wit?
Then edging it with ſharpeſt Villainies,
Mow'd thee a Paſſage to thy Prince's Breaſt,
And cut down all the Virtuous from his Sight;
Who choſe thee for the Champion of his Vices,
Whilſt thou with Labour let looſe all their Sluices,
And pour'd them like a Torrent in his Boſom:
This you did once confeſs to me and more,
When you declar'd how hot you were in Love——
Bullen is Queen; the Crown you promis'd me
Now wreathes her Head——Are theſe the Hopes you gave me,
When once you ſaid my Son ſhould be a King?
The News not ſtirs your Wonder! Hell and Furies!

Card. What wou'd you I ſhould do to ſerve you?

Blunt. Forgive me, tender *Wolſey*, pious Cardinal!
Shall I then teach your Scarlet Prieſthood Blood?
I would have done as *Alexander* did,

The

The Sixth, and moſt merciful, ſo nam'd:
Are there no Conſecrated Weapons left?
Or have you loſt the Power to make 'em ſo?
Give me Saint *Dagger*, or Saint *Poiſon* ſtrait,
And I will do that meritorious Act;
Diſpatch her ſtrait to Hell, from whence ſhe fetch'd
Thoſe Looks that robb'd me of the King and Crown.
Card. Have Patience, Madam,
Blunt. Preach it to the Damn'd,
To thoſe that feel the Rack of Inquiſition——
Curſe on your Gown Apologies, but more
Be curſt the time of *Bullen*'s fatal Birth;
Wringles like Age anticipate her Youth!
Mildews and Blaſts devour her wanton Beauties,
Small-Pox and Leproſies rough-caſt her o'er;
Dig up her Charms and Features by the Roots,
And bury 'em in Pits as deep as Graves.
Card. Study ſome Act that may revenge this Fury.
This hurts no more than Barks of Coward Curs;
She lives, and is as beautiful as ever:
Be rul'd by me, who like a dreadful Piece,
Am ſure to kill, where'er I take my Aim,
Before they hear the Noiſe, or ſee the Flame.
Blunt. Oh tell me how to quench this Fire within!
That burns me up with thoughtful Injury.
Card. An eaſy way I'll chalk to your Revenge,
A Road not ſteep, nor dangerous, but ſmooth;
So unſuſpected, and ſo fatal too,
That the Queen's Fancy and deluded Genius
Shall tempt her in the ſame diſſembled Path,
Taking her by the other Hand with us,
And lead her in the Pit prepar'd for her.
Blunt. Go on, my *Wolſey*, charming as the young,
And more melodious than a Quire of Angels.
Card. This then it is: The King you know's inconſtant,
And jealous, and as teſty as old Age,
So covetous of the Pleaſure he poſſeſſes,
That he who does but look upon't muſt die,
With her, whoſe innocent Charms did force him to't:
Blunt. But how ſhall we be backt with a Pretence?

Card. 'Tis eaſy to give fire to that fond Breaſt
That is already charg'd with jealous Sulphur;
The Queen loves *Piercy*, that may be a means;
And Spies may be laid every where to watch
Their private Meetings, and their very Looks,
And then acquaint the hot-brain'd King with it:
So ſtrait their joyful Deſtinies are ſeal'd.

Blunt. Moſt admirable!

Card. If we fail in this,
Some cry'd up Beauty, ne'er yet ſeen at Court,
Muſt be found out, to put her in his way,
And take the amorous King: 'Twill certain do;
For then no greedy Falcon, when he ſees the Lure,
Will fly down ſwifter to be catch'd and hooded,
Than he into the Fetters of her Charms.

Blunt. Come to my Embrace, thou godlike Prieſt!
Balm to my wounded and my tortur'd Boſom.

Card. Go ſtrait, and haſte about the Intelligence.

Blunt. I will. Good Fortune has been ſo propitious,
To make young *Rochford*, *Anna Bullen's* Brother,
Enamour'd of my Beauty; him I'll mould,
Sound ev'ry Thought of his unguarded Soul,
Linking him cloſe in amorous Intrigues,
Till I've diſcover'd from him our Deſign
Of *Piercy's* Love, and of his Siſter's Conduct.

Card. An Accident, the luckieſt that could happen!
Behold the Queen in her firſt State and Greatneſs——
But yet ſhe bears it with no welcome mein;
Piercy hangs heavy on her Heart, and in her Eyes;
And in her heedleſs Innocence ſhe ſails,
Shunning no Rocks, no Quick-ſands, nor no Danger,
But runs into her Ruin faſter than
We wiſh.

Blunt. Her Crown is hideous to my Sight,
Its Jewels fatal as the Eyes of Baſilisks:
O Cardinal! This Rival-Queen and I
Should never meet but in the Scales of Death,
That weigh all Mortals even and alike.

Queen Anne *appears ſeated upon a Throne.* Northumberland, Rochford, *Lords, Ladies, Attendants and Guards about her.*

Omnes. Long live King *Henry*, and Queen *Anne* of *England.*

North. Immortal live Great Queen of *England, France,*
And *Ireland*, and for ever rule the Heart
Of conquering *Henry*, as he reigns o'er us
And all his faithful Subjects——
I ſpeak it as the Wiſhes and the Voice
Of your moſt loyal Kingdoms; to confirm it,
Sound ſtrait your loudeſt Inſtruments of Joy,
And ſhout as I do, all that love their Queen.

Queen riſes from her Throne. [*Shouts and Trumpets within.*

Qu. Theſe Sounds might lift another to the Heav'ns!
But what is Muſick to the Ears that's deaf;
Or Crowns and Scepters to a dying Wretch;
Deſpair turns all alike that comes to me,
Blind to the Pomp that glads all Eye but mine,
Deaf to its Charms, and dead to all its Glories.
[*Trumpets and Shouts again.*
Ceaſe you more empty Flatterers than Winds;
Be ſilent as the Sorrows in my Breaſt:
If you will give me Eaſe, forbear ſuch Flatteries;
For I receive 'em with as little Joy,
As ev'n thoſe ſilly Wretches utter them,
Having no other Reaſon but vile Cuſtom.
My Noble Lords!
I know you all are loyal to the King,
And for his ſake you are thus kind to me:
But for the Rabble, who can read that *Sphinx*?
Their very Breath that now proclaims, with Joy,
Sad *Katherine* to be no longer Queen,
And my unwelcome Coronation,
Would the ſame Moment, ſhould my Stars permit,
Shout louder at the Sentence of my Death.

Card. Moſt glorious and belov'd of *England*'s Queens!
O lay not on our Nation ſuch a Curſe,
As a Suſpicion of its Faith to you.
I dare be bold, and ſay it as a Prieſt,

As Confeſſor to all my Country's Guilt,
There's none, how mean ſoever with my ſelf,
But loves you more than Life, or darling Riches;
Wiſhing to feel ſevereſt Penance here,
And Hell hereafter, rather than behold
You leſs a Queen, or leſs ador'd than now.

Queen. They have my Thanks, next kind good-natur'd *Wolſey*,
Who cannot but be real, 'cauſe he ſays it.

Card. Oh that your Majeſty would think ſo ever;
And that my proud Endeavours, with Succeſs,
Firſt whiſper'd in the Boſom of the King
The ſecret Wonders of your Mind and Perſon,
And made him ſoon diſcover all your Beauties,
Thoſe rare Perfections that above your Sex
Have merited his Paſſion and his Crown.——

Queen. O Reverend, pious, and beſt of Cardinals!
Who too well knows
By whoſe high Hand I climb'd this malic'd Greatneſs,
And wear this envy'd Crown.

Card. My Heav'n and Stars
Pour their juſt Hatred on——

Queen. Ceaſe Execrations,
For ſhou'd they come to paſs, as Heav'n forbid,
What would the miſerable Nation do?
Beſides, 'twere Pity to the King and me,
That we ſhould loſe ſo exquiſite a Head,
And ſuch a Prelate ſhou'd be damn'd ſo ſoon.

Card. Ten thouſand Saints more than my Royal Maſter
Are Witneſſes to the Truth of what I ſay.

Queen. As many Saints and Myriads of bright Angels
Can witneſs of the Blackneſs of thy Soul,
That canker'd firſt the Conſcience of thy Maſter,
Miſleading him with Hopes to purge a Sin,
To act the worſt, ev'n a religious Guilt——

Card. The wiſe and juſt in Omnipotence——

Queen. No more.
Hell's not ſo full of Torments as thy Soul
Has Blaſphemies to be rewarded in it——
Give me ſome Eaſe, juſt Heav'n! if there be any——
My Lords, if there's no more for you to act To

To perfect or unmake this Ceremony,
(Oh that it could be done!) retire a while,
And leave me with my Women for ſome Moments——
What am I then a Priſoner to be guarded?
Has then a Throne coſt me ſo dear a Price,
As forfeit of my Liberty of thinking?
Do Princes barter for their Crowns their Freedoms?
Good Heav'n! nor think! nor pray if I have need—
If I'm a Queen, why am I not obey'd?

Card. We'll all perform your Majeſty's Command.
[*Ex. all but her Women.*

Qu. Am I got looſe, looſe from this worrying Scene
Of diſmal State, that always loads a Monarch,
And racks him with diſſembling Tortures?
O wretched State of Princes! that want nothing
But a Retreat from Buſineſs and from Crouds
Yet wanting that, want every thing that's happy,
A Soul at Eaſe——O ſacred Solitude!
How airy and delightful are thy Walks?
No ſtinking Serpent, nor worſe Inſect, Man,
Diſturb thy fragrant and enamell'd Paths;
No Winter Blaſts, nor Autumn Winds moleſt
Thy ſacred Grottos; all around is Summer;
Nothing broods there but an eternal Spring,
Mild all as *May*, and beautiful as *Eden*:
Thou charitable Good! that from th' Afflicted
Unloads the heavy Burdens that oppreſs them,
And plants Repoſe in every Beaſt inſtead!

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Lady *Diana Talbot* begs Admittance,
To pay her Duty to your Majeſty.

Qu. What ſay'ſt! Thou'ſt rous'd a Dragon in my Breaſt,
Which I had thought for ever to have huſht;
That Name ſets every Pulſe again at work
Within me—*Talbot!* how art thou miſtaken?
She's *Piercy*'s now; and *Piercy* is all hers.

Lady Shall ſhe be brought to your Preſence?

Queen. Ay——No——Yes——
Do any thing, ſo 'twill be ſure to kill me:
O *Piercy! Piercy!* wouldſt thou ne'er had been

Unfaithful, or at leaſt in being ſo,
Hadſt never taught me how to be reveng'd:
But oh, the diſmal Pain is all my own,
And like an Arrow from an o'er-bent Bow,
Wounding that Breaſt where I leaſt meant my Aim.
How ſoft and tender were our mutual Vows,
Which ſince another's Charms like Lightning blaſted;
Whilſt Parents Threats, and King's Authority,
Rent me, like Thunder, from my fix'd Reſolves:
Th'art marry'd now, and all thoſe amorous Sighs,
And paſſionate Tears, with thouſand Extaſies,
Which we both learnt and taught to one another,
Like innocent Children, in the School of Love,
Are now the Arts with which, falſe Man! th' haſt taught
Another's fond believing Heart, they are.

Enter Lady Diana Talbot.

She comes, triumphant in her Eyes the Joy,
That once, like Tides, o'erflow'd my fruitful Breaſt.
How proud ſhe bears her ſelf to ſee my Pain?
Whilſt I look up to her, and ſigh in vain!
But I will hide it; and forgive me Heav'n, [Diana *kneels.*
For 'tis the firſt time that I e'er diſſembl'd———
Riſe, dear *Diana*, you have been a Stranger;
Could nothing but a Queen drag you to Court?
I owe this Kindneſs to my Royalty,
And not your Friendſhip.

Dian. Pardon, mighty Princeſs!
I had been bleſt for ever in your Preſence,
Charming in all Eſtates as well as now,
Had I been Miſtreſs of my Inclinations.
But———

Queen. 'Tis no matter, I'll allow your Reaſon.
A Cauſe ſo indiſpenſible and juſt,
That 'twere a Fault in me to blame ſuch Virtue.

Dian. Indeed a Parent's Will ought ſtill to be
Obey'd, next Duty to your Majeſty.

Qu. And ſomething yet more binding—Do not bluſh-
Come I'll unriddle all, and ſpare your Tongue
The Trouble, and your baſhful Cheeks the Fire.

Dian.

Dian. What Fire, what Bluſhes do you tax me with,
I feel not any but what Wonder raiſes,
And bluſh becauſe I cannot comprehend.
Qu. You are unkind, why make it you a Secret?
And but to me, when all the World reports it.
Dian. There is no Secret, nothing I would hide
From ſo ador'd a Friendſhip as my Queen's.
Qu. Why d'you ſuſpect me then? [*Aſide.*] How loath ſhe is
To tell it me! as loath as I to hear it:
Sure ſhe ſuſpects how fatal 'twill be to me;
And the proud Man has triumph'd o'er my Weakneſs,
And told her all my Paſſion with a Scorn.——
'Tis ſo, whilſt poor, regardleſs, innocent I,
Was all the while their Cenſure and their Paſtime,
The Fool, whoſe Story acted made 'em Sport,
And gave new Edge to all their ſated Joys;
Nay, and perhaps drew Pity from their Pride.
Pity! good Gods! muſt I endure their Pity?
You will not own it then? but 'tis no Matter. [*To* Diana.
When ſaw you *Piercy?*
Dian. Piercy, Madam! [*She ſtarts.*
Queen. Yes,
Why did you ſtart? Has he a Name ſo horrid?
But now you ſpoke as tho' there were not ſuch
A Man i'th' Word, and wonder'd at my Meaning;
But yet have all the Agonies to hear him nam'd:
Him you would hide, but cannot hide your Bluſhes.
Dian. Good Heav'n! by what ſtrange Miracle have you [*Aſide.*
Reveal'd my ſecret Paſſion to the Queen?
I never told my Grievance but to you,
And that but ſilently in broken Sighs
And ſtifled Tears—
Queen. 'Tis plain ſhe is diſturb'd!——
What can this mean? ſure one of us is mad!
Why all this Care to hide a Truth from me,
That is the common Talk of all the World?
There's ſomething in it more than yet I know,
Which I muſt ſearch into by other Means.
Madam,

Madam, I thought when I had condeſcended [*To Diana.*
To open my Breaſt, and mingle Friendſhip with you,
You would not deny ſo ſmall a Secret;
And now when I am Queen, and may command it—
Therefore be gone. Leave me without Reply.
Henceforth I'll know the Perſons better, out
Of whom I mean to chuſe a Friend—Farewell—
Piercy no doubt is not ſo fondly nice,
But brags, and tells the World of his proud Conqueſt.
Dian. Forgive me firſt: then give me leave to tell you—
How 'twas diſclos'd to you, the Wonder ſtuns me,
This Secret which I thought ſcarce Heav'n found out.
Queen. Racks and worſe Tortures! Frenzies of the Mind!
Hence; take her from my Sight: She will diſtract me:
Dian. O hear me firſt: your Fury's not ſo dreadful,
As is my Pain to tell: Yet I'll confeſs; [*Kneels.*
A fatal Truth it is, *Piercy* I love—
Now pity me, and quench my torturing Bluſhes:
For Heav'n reveal'd it for no Ill.
Queen. I am amaz'd: ſtill worſe and worſe, ſhe ſtabs me;
And they're Abuſes all——Ingrateful Woman!
Wouldſt have me think thy lawful Paſſion ſuch a Wonder!
Is it a Crime for thee to love thy Huſband?
Dian. Ha! what is that you ſay? my Huſband, ſaid you!
Meant you to mock the unfortunate *Diana*?
Qu. No, I will ſay't again; thy perjur'd Huſband!
Dian. Ah! Royal Madam! *Piercy* is more bleſt;
We are not marry'd, he is not my Huſband.
Qu. Ha! [*Aſide.*
Dian. That were to me too great a Happineſs!
Qu. Should this be true, what would become of me? [*Aſide.*
Diana riſe: Are you not marry'd, ſaid you?
Dian. So far from that, his Perſon I've not ſeen
In Twelve long Months, this laſt long tedious Year.
Qu. Art not his Wife? *Dian.*

Dian. By all your precious Hopes
And mine, I'm not.
Qu. Is *Piercy* then not marry'd?
Support me Heaven! and with a Wonder ſave me;
[*Aſide.*
Call all thy Virtue and thy Courage ſtrait
To help thee now, or thou art loſt for ever.
Am I then cheated, and is *Piercy* faithful!
If I can bear all this, I challenge *Atlas*
To live under a Load ſo vaſt as mine.
Ah *Piercy!* injur'd *Piercy!* injur'd *Bullen!*
But hold, there's yet a greater Taſk behind,
And that is to diſſemble well—*Diana!*
Dian. Madam—
Qu. Thou wonder'ſt at my Curioſity,
As tho' I were concern'd at this falſe Story.
I'll tell thee why: It has been long reported,
That you and *Piercy* were in private marry'd.
Dian. Such a Report came likewiſe to my hearing.
But how it was rais'd, by whom, or why, I know not.
Qu. Too well the dreadful Cauſe of it I know.
[*Aſide.*
This, when I heard, I took unkindly from you:
I was your Friend, you ought no more to ſteal
A Marriage from a Friend, than from a Father;
And when you aggravated, as I thought,
By your unkind Denial, it enrag'd me;
For which I hope, *Diana* you'll forgive me—
Methinks I do it rarely— [*Aſide.*
Dian. Beſt of Queens!
Thus on my Knees, I ought to beg that Pardon:
I own I did offend my gracious Miſtreſs.
Qu. Riſe to my Arms—This Kiſs now ſeals thee mine
For ever.
Dian. O moſt admirable Goodneſs!
Qu. This Tenderneſs betrays me, melts my Soul!
[*Aſide.*
A fatal Engine that draws all my Griefs
Up to my Eyes and Lips, juſt ready to unload
And pour 'em in at once into her Breaſt,

Whom

Whom I, of all the World, ſhould hide em from.
Oh for ſome Wild, ſome Deſart to complain in.
Some vaſt and uninhabitable Place;
Or elſe ſome Precipice that butts the Ocean,
That wide, and never to be fathom'd Ocean,
That I might tell the echoing Rocks my Woes,
And count my Sorrows to the Winds and Seas,
More pitiful, and more relenting far,
Than falſe and cruel Mankind is to me.

Dian. You ſeem diſturb'd! Ah! What inhuman Grief
Dares ſeize your Royal Breaſt?

Queen. Come, dear *Diana*;
Go to my Cloſet with me; there, perhaps,
Some Reſt may quell this melancholy Monſter;
And there it may not be amiſs ſometimes
To talk of *Piercy* will it;

Dian. Sacred Queen,
'Twill not; and oh! I wiſh that the Diſcourſe
Would ſooth your Soul with as much Joy as mine.

Queen. Theſe are the firſt Miſeries, the reſt
Come rolling on apace; and *Katherine*, now
Thou art reveng'd — Juſt Heav'n, whoſe is the Sin?
Puniſh not me, I ſought not to be Queen;
But *Henry*'s Guilt amidſt my Pomp is weigh'd,
And makes my Crown ſit heavy on my Head,
To baniſh from his Bed the chaſteſt Bride,
That twenty Years lay loving by his Side!
How can I give it, without Tears, a Name,
When I reflect my Caſe may be the ſame?
And I, perhaps, as Slaves are to the Prieſt,
Thus gay and fine for Sacrifice am dreſt.
Ah! *Katherine*, do not envy me thy Throne,
For thou art far more happy that haſt none.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Northumberland *and* Rochford.

Roch. THE News is ſtrange you tell me of the King.

North. Moſt wonderful, nor can I gueſs the meaning:

He

He came juſt now from Hunting as his uſe,
There at Sir *Thomas Seymour*'s Houſe he was
Moſt ſplendidly and kindly entertained
At a Repaſt
Roch. Took he there any thing
Amiſs?
North. No: Quite contrary, ſo good humour'd,
I never ſaw him in my Life more pleaſant;
But now, inſtead of going to the Queen,
With Words that ſhew'd more diſcontent than rage,
He order'd all about him to retire,
And, which is ſtill more ſtrange, enquir'd for *Wolſey*,
Wolſey, whom all Men thought quite out of favour?
Then ſhut himſelf up in his Bed-Chamber,
And there remains; nor durſt the boldeſt venture
To follow him, and aſk him what he ails.——
May not the Queen your Siſter, think you, be
The innocent Occaſion?
Roch. That's impoſſible!
For but laſt Night he came to her Apartment,
With all the Heats and Love that could inſpire
A Bridegroom, ſcarcely of an Hour's making:
With haſte he ran, and where he ſhould have ſat,
He kneel'd down by her as his Deity;
Printing ſoft kiſſes on her lovely Hand,
And ſigh'd as if he had been ſtill a wooing.
North. Right *Harry* ſtill: For by this Flood of Paſſion
The nearer he's to ebb and change.
Roch. See! the King.
North. You are Brother to his Wife, and may be bold,
But I'll not venture. [*Ex.* North.

Enter King Henry.

King. Who are you that durſt preſs on my Retirement?
Ha! *Bullen!* Get thee from my ſight——Be gone——
[*Ex.* Roch.
Who waits there? Why am I thus troubled?
Let none but *Wolſey* dare to be admitted. [*To the Attend.*
Who

Who can withſtand ſo vaſt a Shock of Beauties,
[*He ſits down.*
So many Wonders in ſo bright a Form?
When Heav'n deſigns to make a perfect Face,
A Beauty for a Monarch to enjoy,
'Tis feign'd that the moſt ſkilful Spirits are all
Imploy'd, and juſt before their Eyes is plac'd
Th' exacteſt, loveliest Angel for a Pattern:
If it be true; this only muſt be ſhe,
And muſt be mine——Who's there? the Cardinal?
Enter Wolſey.

Card. The humbleſt Vaſſal of his God-like Maſter.

King. Come hither, Sir—I ſent for thee, my *Wolſey*;
And doſt not wonder, when but yeſterday
I took from thee the Seal and Chancellor's Place?
But 'tis no matter: Do not care, I ſay;
I love you ſtill in ſpite of all your Foes.——
You have malicious Enemies at Court;
Beſides, the Queen, my Lord, is no good Friend
Of yours

Card. Wretched am I that have incurr'd
My King's Diſpleaſure, and my Queen's dire Hatred?
Bnt m'Innocence, when I am dead, perhaps,
May to my Royal Maſter, tho' too late,
Appear.

King. Talk not of Death, good Cardinal,
For I have Buſineſs with thee firſt——By Heav'n
He that dares mutter *Wolſey* is a Traitor,
Snall die for a worſe Traitor as he is:
Keep thy own ſtill, the Biſhopricks of *York*
And *Wincheſter*, and Cardinal, that is
Above my Grant; and when I give thee leave,
Go to thy Dioceſs, and live to ſpite 'em.

Card. Immortal Wreaths, and Diadems of Saints,
Crown you in Heav'n for this Royal Goodneſs.
I am grown old, too weak to guard me from
My Foes, but for your Majeſty's Protection.

King. O *Wolſey!* be to me but half ſo kind,
As I ſhall be to thee. *Seymour*, my Father!
The lovely *Seymour* whom thou told'ſt me of,

I did

I did devour her Beauties from thy Lips,
And fed my Ears with the delicious Feaſt;
But ſince, I've ſeen this Wonder of her Sex!
The charming'ſt Creature e'er adorn'd the World;
And find her all as far above thy Praiſes,
As Heav'n can be beyond Man's frail Deſcription.

Card. Have you then ſeen her, Sir?

King. O yes, my *Wolſey!*
And having ſeen her, gueſs, I needs muſt be
But wretched without her, or thy Aſſiſtance.

Card. This goes as I expected. [*Aſide.*

King. Help thy Prince:
Why art thou ſo ſlow? Has *Wolſey* loſt his Courage?
That Wit that Emperors and Popes have ſway'd?——
So, let thy Brain begin to travel now;
Bring forth thou more than King; thou more than Man;
Thou haſt a Mine within that ſubtle Breaſt,
The Stone which dull Philoſophy has toil'd
In vain for——Make me Maſter of thy *Indies*——
Lend me thy Wit to purchaſe *Seymour* for me.

Card. You have the Means already in your Hands,
Power is the greateſt Charmer of that Sex.

King. Command my Power, my Kingdoms to thy Aid,
Join to thy Fox's Tail my Lion's Skin!
Take thou my Scepter, bind it to thy Croſs,
And to thy Mitre add my humble Crown,
'Tis all my *Wolſey*'s, *Wolſey* ſhall be King.
I aſk but only *Seymour* in exchange.

Card. You bid too much, ſend for her ſtrait to Court;
Make her a Marchioneſs, or elſe a Dutcheſs;
There's hardly now a Woman but will ſell
A fooliſh Honour that none ſees, for that
Which makes a Noiſe and Splendor in the World.

King. How thou deceiv'ſt my eager Expectations?
This I have done without ſuch rare Advice:
But oh ſhe is inflexible to all!
Deaf to the Sounds of Vanity and Pomp,
And more remorſeleſs than a Saint or Hermit;
Her Chaſtity cold as the frozen Stream,
And then as hard, and never to be thaw'd,

As Chryſtal Rocks, or adamantine Quarries;
That, oh I fear, had I but what I covet,
The Crown from *Bullen*'s Head, to offer her,
'Twould ſcarcely tempt her to thy Prince's Bed.

Card. Then Sir, I doubt 'tis hardly in my Power
To help you.

King. Ha! falſe and ungrateful Man!
Is that then all the Hope your Brain can give me?

Card. It is impoſſible, if ſhe be virtuous,
That e'er ſhe ſhould be had by Force or Cunning.
Therefore apply this Remedy a while,
Have but a little Patience till 'tis lawful.

King. Traitor and Poiſoner of thy Maſter's Reſt,
Muſt I deſpair? Is that thy precious Counſel?
Did I deſcend to aſk Advice from Hell?
Conſult thy wicked Oracle for this,
To tell me what is lawful?

Card. Underſtand me.

King. Give me ſome Hopes, or, by thy damn'd Ambition,
I'll crumble thee to Duſt, puff thee to nothing:
And make thee leſs and more dejected far,
Than the baſe Fellow that begot thee, Prieſt.

Card. Hear me but——

King. Why didſt thou infect my Breaſt,
And with thy venomous Tongue deceive me, worſe
Than the old Serpent that in Paradiſe
Betray'd the firſt of Mankind with a Bait?
So thou lurking and hid amidſt the Charms
Of *Seymour*'s rare and unſuſpected Beauties,
Sungſt me her Praiſes in ſuch tempting Words,
That I with raviſh'd Ears ſwallow'd the Sound,
And never ſaw the Sting I ſuck'd in after.

Card. You will not give me Leave to explain myſelf,
Nor yet to give you Remedy.

King. Tell me;
For Remedy I'll have from Heav'n or Hell,
Or I will take thy Blood, thy Scorpion's Blood,
And lay it to my Grief till I have Eaſe.

Card. Your Fury will not let you underſtand me:
When I adviſ'd to ſtay till it was lawful,

At the ſame time I meant to let you know,
'Twas not a thing ſo hard to bring to paſs.
King. Ha! ſaid again like *Wolſey!* tell me ſtrait,
My Soul waits at the Portal of thy Breaſt,
To raviſh from thy Lips the welcome News,
Ere they have minted into Words thy Thoughts——
Quick, what can lawfully make *Seymour* mine?
Card. Make her your Queen.
King. Make her my Queen!
Card. Yes, Sir.
King. Sure I but dream, what doſt thou mean? or how?
Card. Inveſt her Head with *Anna Bullen*'s Crown.
King. Sure thou art mad, and would make me ſo too.
What, whilſt ſhe lives?
Card. Ay, whilſt ſhe lives, I ſaid:
Is that ſo ſtrange a Thing that ne'er was done?
Divorce her.
King. Ha!
Card. What is't that makes you ſtart?
Divorce her, and take *Seymour* to your Bed.
King. How! take good heed what 'tis thou pull'ſt upon
Thy ſelf—Divorce my lawful virtuous Wife
Without a Cauſe.
Card. There is a Cauſe.
King. What is't?
Card. Pretend Remorſe of Conſcience.
King. Gods!
Card. Ne'er wonder:
Say you are troubled and diſturb'd within.
King. Eternal Villain! *Lucifer* the damn'd. [*Aſide.*
Traitor, at what?
Card. As that which ſeiz'd your Mind,
When *Catherine* you divorc'd for *Anna Bullen.*
Conſcience! Conſcience!
King. Horrid tormenting Fiend! [*Aſide.*
Thou know'ſt ſhe was my Brother's Wife, and *Bullen*
On no ſuch juſt Pretence I can diſclaim.
Card. No Matter; on the like Diſtruſt of Conſcience
That made you do the one, you may the other.
Give out that ſhe's not lawfully your Wife,

The firſt alive, and that you never had
A Diſpenſation from his Holineſs.
King. His Holineſs! I am blaſted with the Thoughts:
Pernicious Traitor! How can this be done?
Card. Leave it to me? Conſent you, 'tis enough;
And I'll engage, on forfeit of my Life,
To get a Licence from our Holy Father
To diſannul this Marriage, and to take
Into your lawful Bed the beauteous *Seymour*.
King. But then ſhall I remain unfreed from *Catherine*.
Card. The Church ſhall grant a Diſpenſation too
For that.
King. What Horror's this I hear! Can this be true?
In all my wanton and luxurious Youth,
Or in my blackeſt Thoughts of Luſt and Rage,
I ne'er yet found one Wiſh amongſt them all
Of ſuch a deep infernal Hue. The Horror
Has kindled my whole Blood into a Flame,
And made me bluſh a deeper Scarlet than
This Villain's Robe. Diſloyal, wicked Monſter!
But I will ſtrive to hide my juſt Reſentments.
Divorce my ſecond Wife without a Cauſe;
Could it be done, what would the Nation ſay?
What would the Action look like, but a Hell?
To warn ſucceeding Princes from the like,
And blot me from the Scroll of pious Kings.
Could it be lawful, *Wolſey*, I would hearken.
Card. Then lawful it ſhall be in ſpite of Scruples:
I ſee your Conſcience is an Infant grown,
A Child again, and wants to be inſtructed.——
Come, let me lead you by the Hand, and point
A Way for you to walk on even Ground;
So ſafe, the niceſt Conſcience ſhall commend
And chuſe it.
King. Now thou doſt rejoice thy Prince.
Card. What if ſhe be unfaithful to your Bed,
And prov'd ſo.
King. Ha! There's Thunder in that Word,
The Bolt ran thro', and ſhiver'd me to pieces.
Diſloyal to my Bed! Adultrous! Hah!

Saidſt

Saidſt thou not ſo? Yet hold, if this be true,
There hangs a Shower of Cordial in my Reach
To cure this horrid Fit. *Wolſey*, beware
How thou doſt dally with my Hopes and Fears;
Look to't, and ſee you wrong her not: for if
Thou doſt, by all the Plagues thy Soul deſerves,
All Hell ſhall be too little for thy Carcaſs;
New Hells ſhall be created, and more hot
Than what's prepar'd for Traitors, Parricides,
For Raviſhers of Mothers, luſtful Nuns,
For *Lucifer* himſelf t'endure; nay more
Than Villain, Pope, or Cardinal e'er felt.
Speak how thou know'ſt it. Quick.

Card. Alas! my Lord,
I never meant it enter'd in my own
Particular Knowledge: But it is reported.

King. Reported, ſaidſt thou! is not that enough?
Report? why ſhe is damn'd if ſhe's but thought
A Whore, much more reported to be ſo.
'Tis not the Act alone that wrongs thy King;
Each Smile, each Glance, and every wanton Look,
That's meant t'another, if I leave unpuniſh'd,
Shall brand me with the ignominious Name
Of *Wittal*, which is worſe——Make me but ſure
That the leaſt Breath has utter'd ſuch a Sound,
Or whiſper'd to the Air that ſhe's unchaſte,
By all the horrid Fiends that puniſh Luſt,
And by the black Concupiſcence of Hell,
I'll tumble her from the Throne into a Dungeon.——
Name me the Man that is ſuſpected.

Card. Piercy.

King. Piercy!

Card. Yes, Sir, he is the Man ſhe dotes on;
'Tis he lies deeper in her Breaſt than ever;
For him ſhe ſighs, and hoards up all her Wiſhes,
Gives him her Perſon warm, inſpir'd with Paſſion,
Whilſt for your ſelf ſhe only treats you with
The cold dead Body of departed Love.

King. Is *Piercy* then at Court?

Card. He is this Day
Arriv'd.
King. Hough! Come without my Leave, ſay'ſt thou?
Card. He is, no doubt, to conſummate their Joys,
Their Signs and Tokens to compare, which they
By Letters and Devizes in their Abſence
Have hourly plotted to deceive you, Sir,
And put in Practice when the Time is ripe
King. Hell and tormenting Furies——I believe thee.
Card. Nay, in your Bed, and in her Dreams ſhe thinks on't;
When Pleaſures made you dull, it whetted her——
King. Hold, I can hear no more. By all my Wrongs
And cheated Hopes, thou bring'ſt to my Remembrance
How all Complaiſances to me were dragg'd
And forc'd from her, like Mirth from one in Torture!
Sometimes I found her Face all drown'd in Tears,
With Gales of Sighs, juſt blowing off thoſe Storms
In Fear away: Sometimes again in Bluſhes,
As if then all the wanton Heat of Love
Were darting thro' her Eyes to meet my Flame;
But when with eager Haſte I catch'd her in
Theſe Arms, and preſs'd her Lips, alack I found,
Inſtead of Summer there, no Ice ſo cold;
Inſtead of Breath that would revive the Dead,
No Air ſo chill, nor Winter Blaſts ſo keen.
Card. Thus all her Actions ſtill will be to you:
The Roſes of her Blood ſhe keeps for him,
The Thorns for you—Had you been *Piercy* then!
King. Let me embrace the Saver of his Prince,
The dear Preſerver of my Life and Honour!
What ſhall I do for thee, my Friend?
Re-enter Rochford.
Card. Here's *Rochford!*
Pray ſmooth your Brow, and hide your Diſcontent:
And now y'are going to the Queen, ſmile on her.
Mean while ſhe'll ſtumble, like a haſty Child,
And act more plain and open to your Juſtice;
And when you find her tripping, on the ſudden
Strike

Strike like the Hand of Heav'n, a ſure Revenge,
And never let her riſe again.
King. I will——
My Lord, you may come near: Where is the Queen?
[*To* Roch.
Roch. I left her in the Drawing Room.
King. Ah *Wolſey!*
What Angel e'er ſo bright as Woman was,
Had not the Firſt ſcorn'd her Creator's Laws?
For neareſt his own Likeneſs they were made,
Till they by Falſeneſs did their Sex degrade.
[*Exeunt* King *and* Card. *Manet* Roch.
Roch. What means this ſudden Alteration!
Enter Piercy.
Is not that *Piercy?* Oh! too true! he comes
Not like a joyful Bridegroom, as was told thee,
Poor cheated Siſter! But like one, alas!
That knows already, the baſe Wrongs our Friends
Have heap'd upon him! Where ſhall I avoid him?
Ah! Why muſt I of all the Plot be curſt,
To look upon a Face ſo full of Horror;
That like a Hell, at once upbraids my Guilt,
And laſhes me with the Remembrance?
Pierc. Methinks I walk like one that's in a Dream,
A horrid Dream, and fain would be awake!
Theſe Rooms of State look not as they were wont,
When *Anna Bullen* oft has run to meet me;
But ſeem like Fairy-Land, a Wilderneſs.
My Friends, like Beaſts that never yet ſaw Man,
Start at my Sight; and ſhun me worſe than Fire.
What mean you, Heav'ns! What mean thoſe boding
Viſions!
O that ſome Friends, ſome Friends indeed, would meet me!
And wake me out of it——Behold; 'tis granted!——
Is not that *Rochford* there? my deareſt Brother!
Roch. My Lord, my *Piercy!*
Pierc. Come thou to my Arms——
Methinks thou art concern'd to ſee thy Friend:
When I embrace thee, 'tis a Pain I find;

Thy

Thy Friendſhip is as cold as Winter Blaſts,
Or chill as Age is to a tender Virgin!
What ails my Friend? ſay quickly.
Roch. Nothing ails me.
Pierc. Nothing! why look'ſt thou then ſo full of Horror!
Thy down-caſt Eyes call to my ſad Remembrance,
How paſſing by yon Gallery of Pictures,
That happy Gallery that was once the Scene
Of many a joyful Meeting with thy Siſter!
Looking with Wonder on theſe famous Perſons,
Whom the rare Painter had with ſo much Art
Deſcrib'd, to make Poſterity amends
For their bright Forms, now moulder'd in their Urns;
With their immortal Shapes of Beauty here:
There, as we us'd to walk, none e'er ſo kind,
With loving Arms and tender Wiſhes join'd,
A glad Remembrance in their Looks we ſpy'd,
Of what their Bodies had on Earth enjoy'd:
With ſtedfaſt Eyes they watch'd us all the while,
And when we ſmil'd, they would be ſure to ſmile;
Or if we chanc'd to weep, and ſigh our Woe,
They ſeem'd to pity us, and do ſo too:
Such Sympathy they drew from all our Fears,
Our very Griefs, and every Look was theirs.
Roch. The overflowing of your love ſick Fancy.
Pierc. But mark me now, *Rochford*? mind the ſad
Cataſtrophe. They look not now like Friends
Of Comfort, but like boding *Sibyls* rather;
Their Smiles converted all to darting Frowns,
Whilſt with their ſeeming Voice and Hands, methought,
They chid and beckon'd me to ſhun the Place;
As if they did intend to ſay aloud,
Ah *Piercy!* 'tis not now as heretofore,
Piercy be gone, for thou ſhalt happy be no more.
Roch. Ah my Lord!
Pierc. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou? 'tis enough,
There hangs a dreadful Tale upon thy Brow,
And there's ſome horrid Meaning in that Word——
Let thy dire Looks ſpeak all the reſt, I prithee;
Th' haſt pierc'd quite thro' me like an Ague-Fit,
Stopp'd

Stopp'd ev'ry circling Paſſage of my Blood,
And made me ſweat big Drops as cold as Ice——
Say quick, how fares thy Siſter? is ſhe well?
My Love, my Wife! Did I not call her Wife?
Speak, is ſhe living? Is ſhe dead? If ſo,
And thou dar'ſt utter it! plant thy dread Voice
Juſt like a Cannon to thy *Piercy*'s Breaſt,
And ſhiver me to pieces,

Roch. By theſe Words
I find he knows not of my Siſter's Marriage! [*Aſide.*
Still worſe and worſe! Alas my Lord, ſhe lives!
[*To* Pier.

Pierc. Lives! oh the Joy! But is ſhe ought than well?
Tell it with ſpeed! why didſt thou ſay, Alas?

Roch. Well ſhe is too.

Pierc. Then beſſed be that Voice;
But why thou ſpeak'ſt it with ſuch cold Reſerve,
I cannot gueſs. O tell it with Joy;
Tell it aloud with Shouting to the Spheres,
That they may echo with glad Harmony,
Thy Siſter lives: My *Bullen* is in Health.

Roch. She is in Health: But——

Pierc. Ha! but what? ſpeak out:
Why doſt thou torture me with dire Suſpence?
If there be any thing can now be call'd Misfortune,
When thy dear Siſter is in Health, out with it;
Let it be worſe than Thunder, I can bear it.

Roch. Alas! kind *Piercy*, force not me to tell you,
Too ſoon you'll hear the News from one perhaps
That can relate it, rocky as he is,
Without a Sigh or Tear in pity of you.

Pierc. You Heav'nly Pow'rs! What does my *Rochford* mean?
Methinks the joyful Tidings in my Breaſt,
That ſhe's in Health, does chide me for my Fears;
But then again a fatal Heavineſs
Strait intercepts this Dawn of Comfort there,
And like a Cloud hides all theſe new-born Beams
Of Hope, and bids me dread I know not what.
I am in Hell, in Torments, worſe, in Doubt——

Is

Is there no Balſam that can cure this Sting?
No *Oedipus* that can unfold this Riddle?
I prithee, gentle *Rochford*, do not rack me:
Take off this heavy Weight that ſinks thy Brother.
Come, flatter me, if thou'rt afraid to tell
The Truth, and ſay that all theſe killing Words
Were not in earneſt.

Enter Northumberland.

Roch. See your Father's here,

Pierc. He will take Pity, and releaſe me ſure:

North. *Harry*, thou art moſt welcome to thy Father;
Welcome to all, and welcome to the King.
Rejoice, my Son, and deck thy Face with Smiles:
There's Love and Fortune coming towards thee.

Pierc. Pardon me, beſt Father; ſpare my Anſwer:
[*Kneels:*
Oh tell me firſt what News is from my Love?
How does my Miſtreſs fare? and what's become
Of beauteous *Anna Bullen?* quickly, Sir.

North. Why, what's become of her? She's very well.
What ſhould become of her? She's married, Son.

Pierc. Married!

North. Married! ay married, that ſhe is!
A Queen ſhe's too, a joyful Queen, I tell thee.

Pierc. Married! and to the King! By all my Hopes,
By all our chaſte, eternal Vows of Love,
It cannot be, altho' my Father ſays it;
You, whom I'll credit ſooner than an Angel.
Married! my *Anna Bullen* falſe and married!
Perſwade me that the Sun has loſt its Virtue;
The Earth, the teeming-Earth, forgot to bear;
That Nature ſhall be Nature now no more;
That all the Elements ſhall vaniſh ſtrait,
Turn to Confuſion, and in Chaos ſhrink;
And you, and I, and all the living World,
Are what we were before we were begot;
All this muſt be, when *Anna Bullen*'s falſe.

North. I tell thee, raſh and diſobedient Boy,
Marry'd ſhe is, without ſuch Miracles.

Pierc. Ah, deareſt Father, on my Knees I beg you,

Repeat

Repeat that horrid, diſmal Word no more;
To be obedient, and at once to hear
My Miſtreſs wrong'd, is not in *Piercy*'s Power.
Here, cruſh this Inſect, pound me into Duſt,
I'm at your Foot! Oh lay it on my Neck,
And puniſh me with Death, ten thouſand Deaths;
For whilſt I live I muſt be guilty ſtill,
And ne'er can think that *Anna Bullen*'s falſe:
O Sir, be merciful and juſt at once,
And ſay you did it but to try your *Piercy*.

North. Riſe, and repent, and do not tempt my Anger,
Which thou ſhouldſt feel, but that I pity thee,
And think thy Folly Puniſhment enough.

Pierc. See, Sir, her Brother's more concern'd than I,
To hear ſuch Words. Come, tell 'em, deareſt *Rochford*,
Proclaim her Virtue loud as Cherubins;
Tell 'em, theſe Rocks, they may in time relent,
And hear the ſad Complaints of injur'd Honour:
Is ſhe not chaſte? Chaſte as the Virgin Light,
And conſtant as the Turtle to it's Mate,
Her Perſon ſacred ſtill to all Mankind,
And Beauties leſs corrupted, leſs defil'd,
Than is the lovely Blue that fragrant hangs
On Autumn Fruit, or Morning Dew on Roſes.

North. Tell him, my Lord.

Pierc. O hear thy charming Sound;
Tell 'em, and undeceive 'em, Friend; tell 'em
How thou wert by when firſt we plighted Troths,
And ſwore eternal Faith, eternal Love,
By every Saint, and every Star that ſhone,
Who then look'd down as joyful Witneſſes,
And darted forth in all their bright Array,
To ſee our Loves that ſhin'd more bright than they.

Gent. My Lord, the King and Queen are paſſing by.

North. Look you, romantick Sir, behold your Miſtreſs,
Whoſe Bride ſhe is.

[*King and Queen, Lords and Ladies paſs over the Stage,* Northumberland *follows the King.*

Pierc. By the Immortal Powers that gave me Life,
And Eyes, and Senſes to believe, 'tis ſhe——

It is the King, and *Anna Bullen* crown'd!
Why Father, *Rochford*, Friends, is it not ſo?
And did ſhe not like haughty *Juno* walk;
Who, as ſhe held the Thunderer by the Hand,
Look'd down with Scorn on the low World, from whence
She came; ſo did ſhe caſt a loathing Eye
Upon the Place where humble *Piercy* ſtands———
Now you are mute, dumb as thoſe Conjurations
You hir'd juſt now from Hell to be my Ruin;
Ha! is't not ſo? Confeſs that it is ſo,
And I am bleſs'd; own it, and make poor *Piercy* happy.

Roch. Alas! my Lord; afflict your Mind no more,
'Tis Torment to your Friend to ſee you thus.

Pierc. Friend, ſay'ſt thou? I diſclaim that Name in all
In Father, Brother, Siſter, and Companion;
Nature her ſelf abhors it like the Plague,
And baniſhes that Gueſt from all her Creatures——
Falſe Brother to the falſeſt Woman living!
Was it for this that I was ſent from Court?
Was it for this the ſubtleſt of her Sex
Sent me a Letter with ten thouſand Charms,
To let me know that I ſhould write, and ſhould
Be written to no more till my Return?
T'avoid Suſpicion, as ſhe ſaid; but 'twas
To flatter me that I ſhould not miſtruſt her.

Roch. By Heaven, and all that's true, ſhe's not to blame.

Pierc. Here, *Rochford*, rip, and tear her from my Heart,
Faſt rooted as ſhe is: The Poiſon ſwells,
O lance it with thy Sword, and give me Eaſe.
She's Hell! ſhe's worſe! ſhe's Madneſs to the Brain;
I am poſſeſt, and carry an Hoſt of Devils:
For he that wears a perjur'd Woman here,
Has in his Breaſt ten thouſand Fiends to ſcourge him.

Re enter Northumberland.

North. Come, my beſt Son, the King ſalutes thee, *Piercy*;
Come ſee the Bride he has prepar'd for thee,
And think no more of *Anna Bullen* now.

Pierc. Ha bring me to her ſtrait! Is ſhe a Woman

A bright diſſembling and proteſting Woman?
Smooth as the ſmiling pitileſs Ocean is by Fits?
But then her Heart as rocky, deep, and fathomleſs:
Has ſhe a Face as tempting as the fair
Deceitful Fruit of *Sodom*, but when taſted,
Is Rottenneſs and Horror to the Core?
Is ſhe ſo kind, that nothing can be kinder?
Nay, were ſhe *Anna Bullen* all without,
And *Bullen* all within, I'd marry her
To be reveng'd!

North. Thou doſt rejoice thy Father:
She is as good and beautiful as Angels,
And has ten thouſand Pounds a Year; which added
To thy Eſtate, will make you far more happy
Than *Harry* with his Crown, or *Anna Bullen.*

Pierc. Come, bring me to her: when ſhall we be marry'd?

North. When my Son pleaſes: If thou wilt, To-morrow.

Pierc. To-morrow! Now: To-morrow is too late:
What muſt I waſte a Day, and loſe a Smile?
The King with *Bullen* revels all this while.
Haſte, thou ſlow Sun! when wilt thou bring the Morn?
And when! oh when ſhall the long Day be worn!
That theſe triumphant Arms may ſeize my Bride,
And claſp her gently like a wanton Tide.
In Floods of Extaſies I'll drown; and ſay,
Thus *Harry* and his Queen live all the Day;
Thus he embraces her all o'er, and o'er;
Whilſt for each Kiſs I'll reap a thouſand more:
And for each Pleaſure they ſhall act that Night
I'll pattern them, and double with Delight:
But for that rareſt Bliſs we bluſh to own,
Spite and Revenge much more my Joys ſhall crown.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cardinal *and* Blunt *ſeverally.*

Card. HAIL to the Sacred Queen of Wit and Beauty!
Hail to the Empreſs of the World that ſhould be!

Blunt. What News? what Song of Comfort brings
my *Wolſey?*
Methinks your Looks ſhine like the Sun of Joy,
And Smiles, more glittering than your Robes appear:
Come, for I long to be partaker of it.
Say, is it great? ſhall *Bullen* ſink to Hell?
Shall this proud Exhalation vaniſh ſtrait?
Or ſhall ſhe ſtill be Queen, t' affront my *Wolſey?*

Card. No: I'd firſt pawn both Body and Soul to Hell
For a Dram of Poiſon that would kill
The Heretick.

Blunt. Oh famous *Cardinal!*
Rome's ſacred Champion, and the Saint of *Rome!*
What can reward thee but the Mitre here,
And when th'art dead, a mighty Throne, as high
As was great *Lucifer*'s before his Fall?

Card. Have I not liv'd more ſplendid than the King?
More aw'd and famous than was *Harry* ſtill;
Have I not ſcatter'd with a liberal Hand,
And ſow'd more Seed to Charity, than all
The Kingdom elſe? Built ſuch vaſt Palaces,
As neither *Italy* nor *Rome* can pattern?
Which *England*'s Monarchs have been proud to dwell in.

Blunt. And but for thee, the Nation had been ſcorn'd.

Card. Who fram'd ſuch ſumptuous Embaſſies as I,
With ſuch a glorious Train of Servants deck'd,
As *Germany* and *France* both wonder'd at,
And thought that all the Nation follow'd me;
Whilſt *Tudor* here, as a leſs King than I,
Was ſerv'd but with the Gleanings of my Pomp?

Blunt. 'Twas *Wolſey*, our great Maſter's greater Servant,
Who, as he rode to meet the Emperor,
Ere he approach'd, firſt check'd his pamper'd Steed,
And ſtood at diſtance to receive that Monarch;
Whilſt *Maximilian*, as became him beſt,
Firſt did unlight, and firſt embrac'd my *Wolſey.*

Card. And have not I rul'd *Harry* and the Nation?
Shall then this ſtrong Foundation of my Greatneſs,
Be undermin'd by ſuch a Wretch as *Bullen!*

By

By the weak practice of a ſpleenful Woman!
A thing that I have made; a Poppet Queen,
Dreſt up by me, to act her Scene of Greatneſs,
And all her Motions guided by this Hand!

Blunt. Shall ſhe then mount the Fame to ruin *Wolſey?*

Card. No: by myſelf, the Moment ſhe attempts it,
She pulls a dreadful Tower upon her Head.
When I begin to totter, if I muſt,
Like a huge Oak, that's leaning o'er the Wall,
I'll take my Aim, and cruſh her with my fall——
Piercy's arriv'd, there's Aid for your Revenge,

Blunt. I heard ſo, and perceiv'd it by the Queen.

Card. By that ſhe has diſcover'd the deceit,
And finds him innocent, now 'tis too late;
This makes her careleſs, to her own undoing;
For when the amorous King comes, loaded with
Big hopes, and thinks to take his Fill of Joys,
Strait, like the ſenſitive nice Plant that ſkrinks,
And on a ſudden gathers up its Leaves
When 'tis but touch'd, ſhe will contract her Charms,
And ſhut 'em from him in her ſullen Boſom,
As cold as Winter to his warm Embraces:
This, when the vext and paſſionate King perceives,
He'll hate, and caſt her from him in a Rage.

Blunt. See! yonder's *Rochford* coming toward us,
Big with glad Looks, I hope to be deliver'd
Of ſomething that will forward our Deſign.

Card. I will retire, and leave him to your Care.
To manage him with all the Art of Woman;
All Hell, if Heav'n won't, inſpire your Wit
And Malice.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Brighteſt of thy dazling Sex,
That wears the Charms of all the World about thee:
How have I been this long, long Hour in Pain,
In Torments and in Darkneſs all the while!
Sun of my Joy, to waſte the tedious Day,
And Star to gaze the live-long Night away.

Blunt. O, you are grown a Courtier now indeed,
My Lord; but 'tis no wonder, now you are

Exalted, and are Brother to the Queen:
'Tis hard for one to gain a Look from you,
Without the Purchaſe of——I will not tell you.——
Roch. Ha! Brother to the Queen! to *Jupiter.*
And if my raviſh'd Senſe deceives me not,
I will not change my State to ſhine in Heav'n:
To be the darling Brother of the Sun,
Or one of *Leda*'s Twins that deck the Sky?
No, *Caſtor*, I defy thee.
Blunt. Hold, my Lord!
I will not chide you, tho' you have deſerv'd it:
For all thoſe Raptures are but Starts in Love,
And ſeldom hold out to the Race's End;
Or elſe like Straw that gives a ſudden Blaze,
And ſoon is out.
Roch. Oh ſay not ſo, my Goddeſs!
The Negro, neareſt Neighbour to the Sun,
That lives under the torrid burning Line,
Feels not the Warmth that does poſſeſs my Breaſt.
And, oh forgive the vaſt Compariſon!
Hell's Flame is not ſo vehement or laſting.
Blunt. Enough, my Lord: I'll put you to your Trial;
Prepare, and ſee how well you can obey.
But that you may not ſtrive without all Hope,
Like Slaves condemn'd for ever to the Gallies;
Here is my Hand, an Earneſt of my Promiſe,
That as I find you faithful, I'll reward you.
Roch. Your Hand! where am I? tell me, God of Love,
Blunt. But mark me: Hear, as from a Prophet, this c
Be ſure you merit well this firſt of Favours,
And keep the Oath you vow upon this Hand,
Elſe I'll denounce a worſe than Hell ſhall follow
Your ſacrilegious Crime.
Roch. Lo, here I ſwear———
But tell me Heav'n! what ſignifies an Oath,
When 'tis impoſſible I ſhould be falſe;
I ſwear upon this Altar breathing Incenſe!
} ternal Love! Eternal Conſtancy——
Divineſt, ſofteſt——ſweeteſt—— [*Kiſſes her Hand*
Blunt. Go, my Lord,
And now you have it, brag to my undoing; For

For never any but your King can boaſt
The like.

Roch. And he, th' unworthieſt of Mankind,
Who having ſuch a Jewel in his Breaſt,
The Crown not half ſo ſacred, were it mine,
To ſell it for a falſe and glittering Trifle:
So ſilly *Indians* barter Gold and Pearls
For Baubles.

Blunt. What your Siſter! Treach'rous Man!
You do not mean it; nor can I endure
To hear her ſo degraded, if 'twere real:
Sh' has Goodneſs, and has Beauties more than I;
And merits what ſhe does poſſeſs, a Crown:
And much the more, becauſe ſhe ſought not for it;
Which is the Cauſe, I fear, that ſhe's unhappy——
You viſit her, not only as a Brother,
But as a Friend, and Partner of her Counſels;
You love like Twins, like Lovers, or indeed
As a fond Brother and kind Siſter ſhould.
How bears ſhe this unwelcome State? or rather;
How does ſhe brook the Wrong that's done to *Piercy*?

Roch. All her Reflections on it ſtrait will vaniſh;
A King and Crown are Charms invincible:
No Storms, nor Diſcontents can long abide,
Where Love and Empire plead; but ſoon will fly,
Scatter'd like Miſts, before the Sun of Power.

Blunt. You ſpeak indifferently, my Lord, and like
Miſtruſt of her you love: I long to hear
The more what you would fain diſguiſe from me——
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the Oath you took?
Or is't ſo lately, that you think 'tis ſcarce
Reach'd down to Hell, to claim you perjur'd there?
Or think you that I e'er can hate the Siſter,
When with a Bluſh I own I love the Brother?
Falſe and ungrateful Man! farewel.

Roch. O ſtay!
Rip open my Boſom to my naked Heart,
And read whate'er you think is written there.
Had I no Tongue to ſpeak, I'd ſuffer that,
Rather than once deny you any thing.

Blunt. He ſoftens, turns, and changes as I'd have him. [*Aſide.*

His waxen Soul begins to melt apace;
He is my Slave, my Chain'd and Galley-Slave.
Oh that I had but *Harry* ſo to torture!
But I'll revenge my ſelf on this ſoft Fool,
On *Bullen*, and on all their Race at once,
That were the curſed Cauſe of my undoing.
You find my Paſſion and Good-nature quickly, [*To* Roch.
That makes you uſe me thus.

Roch. Ten thouſand Pardons——

Blunt. No more; I can forgive, if you deſerve it.
I charge you, as a Sign of your Repentance,
Go viſit ſtrait the Queen, and *Piercy* too:
You hear he's come to Court, and what you learn
From them, that ought concerns their former Loves,
From time to time acquaint me with the Story,
And you ſhall lock the Secret in my Breaſt,
As ſafe as in your own.

Roch. 'Twere Blaſphemy
But to ſuſpect it.

Blunt. I require this of you;
Not that I doubt the Virtue of the Queen:
But know that worſe than Hell, I hate the King,
(To which juſt Hatred 'tis you owe my Love)
And wiſh your Siſter and all Human Kind
Would hate him too.

Roch. I'll inſtantly obey you.

Blunt. Come back, my Lord; this Readineſs has charm'd me;
And now I can't but give you ſome kind Hopes——
You may have leave to viſit me hereafter,
And talk of Love; perhaps I'll take it kindly.

Roch. Bleſt Harmony! Happieſt of Mankind, I.

Blunt. And you may write to me, and beſt by Proxy:
For tho' the King not viſits me, as he was wont,
Yet he is jealous———
Let all your amorous Letters be diſguis'd
Under the borrow'd Name of Brother ſtill,
Directed to me by the Style of Siſter.

Roch.

Roch. In all things I'll obey my lovely Goddeſs!
Blunt. Theſe Papers once ſhall be of Conſequence.
[*Aſide.*
See the Queen comes, her Soul in Diſcontent, [*To* Roch.
And longs to be diſburden'd. I will leave you——
A fit Occaſion's offer'd, now ſhe's on
The Rack, to eaſe her by a fond Confeſſion. [*Ex.* Blunt.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Qu. Where am I now?——my Brother! Is it you—
I hear that *Piercy*'s come to Court.
Roch. He is.
Qu. Where ſhall I hide my guilty Face from him?
And ſhut me where he ne'er may ſee me more?
For now I ſtart at every human Shape,
And think I meet wrong'd *Piercy* in my way;
Like one eſcap'd for Murder, in his Flight
Shuns every Beaſt, and trembles at the Wind,
And thinks each Buſh a Man to apprehend him.——

Enter Diana.

I ſent thee to the Queen, *Diana* ſay,
How fares ſhe in her hopeleſs, loſt Eſtate?
What Anſwer bringſt thou; that is Death to hear?
Come talk of Miſery, and fill my Breaſt
With Woe! I'll lay my Ears to the ſad Sound,
And thence extract it as the Bees do Honey,
Grief is the Food that the afflicted live by——
Talk any thing, there's nought ſo dreadful as
The Thoughts of injur'd *Piercy* in my Breaſt.
Dian. The Princeſs Dowager is dead.
Qu. What Princeſs?
Art thou a temporiſing falſe one too?
And haſt ſo often forgot ſhe was thy Queen?
Dian. Queen *Catherine*'s dead,
Queen. Alas! then is ſhe dead!
Then ſhe has got the Start of *Anna Bullen*——
Came you too late to pay my Duty to her?
Dian. No: For ſh' enjoy'd her Senſes to the laſt;
And then not ſeem'd to die, but fall aſleep.

Qu. So

Qu. So bold is Innocence, it conquers Death,
And after makes Amends for all the Wrongs
Suſtain'd in Life.

Dian. When I began to tell her,
I came by your Command, to make a Tender
Of your moſt humble Duty, and condole
Her Majeſty's Misfortune and Diſtemper;
She check'd me at that Word, and as you have ſeen
A clear Sky with a travelling Cloud o'ertook,
And quickly gone, ſo ſhe put on a Frown,
Which did not laſt, and anſwer'd with a Smile:
Why did you ſay, your Majeſty to me,
She ſaid, a Name I loath? Go, tell your Queen,
Let her not fix on Greatneſs to be happy,
But take a ſad Example here by me:
I, who was Daughter, Niece, and Siſter too,
To three great Emperors, and Wife, alas!
To the moſt potent Prince in Chriſtendom,
Muſt die more wretched than the meaneſt Creature,
In a ſtrange Country, 'midſt my Enemies;
Not one of all my great Relations here
To pity me, nor Friend to bury me.
And then ſhe wept and turn'd her gentle Face
The other way, and quickly after dy'd.

Qu. Go on; why doſt thou ceaſe this Melody?
Thy Voice exceeds the mourning *Philomel*'s;
The dying Swan takes not that Pleaſure in
Her note, as I in ſuch celeſtial muſick:
Haſt thou no more of it?
Come, play the Artiſt: Shew thou to my Fancy
Th' infernal Paths to lead to infinite Horror;
Open all the Charnel-Houſes of the Dead,
And fright away, if it be poſſible,
The ſad Remains of injur'd *Piercy* here,

Enter King.

[*Ex.* Dian. *and* Roch.

King. Yonder ſhe is, in Tears amidſt her Glories!
You laviſh Stars, what will content this Scorner?
From a mean Spring I took this ſhining Pebble,
And plac'd her in my Heart and in my Crown,

The

The faireſt and the beſt-lov'd Jewel there,
And ſat her on my Throne to be ador'd,
Yet ſhe contemns all this, and would be more,
The Heavens are all too narrow for her Soul?
Gods, you muſt flatter and deſcend to her,
Or ſhe'll not ſtir one Jot to you——She is
So very proud.

Qu. My Lord.

King. Sit down again.
I but diſturb you, therefore I'll return;
For ſure they muſt be tender Thoughts, for which
You pay ſuch laviſh Tribute from your Eyes.

Qu. Sir, I was thinking of th' uncertain State
Of Greatneſs, and amongſt its ſad Misfortunes,
What would become of me, alas! if you
(Which I've no Reaſon to ſuſpect)
Should change your Love; and that produc'd theſe Tears.

King. Y'are in the right, if that ſhould ever happen;--
But what begets ſuch Doubts within your Breaſt?
You have done nothing to deſerve ſuch Fears:
You love me, and as long as that ſhall laſt,
Miſtruſt not *Harry.*

Qu. By my Hopes I do.

King. Bleſt Sound: I will hear nothing but my *Bullen*:
Wolſey and Devil tempt me now no more! [*Aſide.*
Then ſhake theſe Clouds of Sorrow from thy Eyes;
And dart thy brighter Beams like *April* Sun-ſhine,
Into my Boſom, and thus lock me ever——
Oh, now I nought remember but thy Charms,
And quite forget what e'er I was before.
One word of Bliſs, one word of Softneſs from thee,
To baniſh hence Suſpicions, like the Plague,
And clear our Breaſts from Jealouſies for ever——
What, not a Syllable do I deſerve?
Theſe Kiſſes, faint Embraces, and theſe Odours,
Are raviſh'd, and not beſtow'd upon me—ha!

Qu. What means my Lord;

King. What means the traiterous *Bullen?*
By Heav'n ſhe wants the cunning Trick and Skill,

The

The eaſy quick Deluſion of her Sex,
To hide her Falſeneſs—By all Hell ſhe's damn'd.
Qu. O gracious Sir!
King. Too gracious not to kill thee———
For whom, for whom are your kind looks reſerv'd?
Hide you your Minion; for his Safeguard, do,
For were he 'mongſt his happy Stars, I'd reach him.
I'm frighted as a Ghoſt, or a Diſeaſe:
For when I think to hold her in theſe Arms,
She ſtruggles like the Quarry in the Toil:
And yields her ſelf unto my loath'd Embraces,
With ſuch a forc'd and aukward Willingneſs;
As Men, when they are paſt all Hopes of Life,
Reſign themſelves into the Power of Death.
Qu. What Fiend hath put ſuch Thoughts into your Breaſt?
When did I wrong you? How have I been falſe!
Yet I will not complain againſt my Lord.
Since 'tis your Will——Sir, have I not obey'd you?
No Slave ſo humbly faithful to your Pleaſures,
And in your Bed, with Bluſhing paid thoſe Duties
That modeſt Virgin or chaſte Wife could do:
And if I was not wanton, pray forgive me.
King. Yes, yes, I have your Out-ſide; but Hell knows,
And thy falſe ſelf, who 'tis enjoys thy Soul!
You yield to me indeed, 'tis true: But moſt
Unwillingly you part with your dear Sweets,
Unleſs it be to him that has your Hoard;
But guard your fatal Honey with a Sting
'Gainſt thoſe you hate——Your Perſon you reſign,
But as to Priſon; my Arms are but the Grates
Thro' which your Mind is longing ſtill to be abroad:
Nay, in the very Moment of Enjoyment,
And who would think but then I ſhould be happy?
There's ſtill another Picture in your Heart,
On which you look, and Fancy I am he,
And all the while I'm ſporting for another.
Qu. Can Heav'n hear this! O cruel, faithleſs Lord!
King. No: to thy Syren's Voice I'll ſtop my Ears;
A thouſand times, like them, th' haſt cheated me,

Laid

Laid my juſt Paſſion to a gentle Calm,
Whilſt Storms behind were ready to devour me.
On thy falſe generous Charms I'll wreck no more,
But ſeek for ſhelter on ſome kinder Shore;
A grateful Beauty here ſhall reign alone,
And chaſe thee from my Heart, and from my Throne:
Ha! Who comes there? My gentle *Wolſey* come,
And with thy Counſel ſtrait defend my Breaſt.

[*The* King *meets* Wolſey, *and goes out leaning on him.*

Qu. Did not my Lord fly from me in a Rage,
Arm'd with a Frown, and darted it quite thro' me?
And *Wolſey* in his Favourite's Place again?
Nay, then the Wonder is expir'd: That proud,
That great bad Man, and *Lucifer*, near meant
Me nor my Virtue well——The King's Inconſtancy
Begins to ſhew its *Janus* Face again:
And all the Doubts of an unhappy Wretch,
My Fears by Day, and horrid Dreams by Night,
Are come to paſs.

Enter Piercy.

Pierc. What, ſhall I fear to ſee her!
And tell her Face to Face the Perjuries
And Falſeneſs that ſh' has heap'd upon her Soul,
And ruin'd mine?——Lo, where the falſe One is!
In counterfeit Grief? By Heav'n in Tears!
As if her Sins already did upbraid her!
Juſt Pow'rs! can you behold a Form ſo fair,
And ſuffer Falſeneſs to inhabit there!
The Morning Sun riſen from his wat'ry Bed,
Leſs precious Drops does on *Arabia* ſhed:
And ſacred Vials of rich *April* Showers,
When he alternate Rain and Sun-ſhine pours;
Nor is he half ſo beautiful and gay,
As ſhe a wiping of theſe Tears away.

Qu. Ha, *Piercy!* I'm betray'd. Adviſe me Heav'n!
What ſhall I do!——Be gone, this Place is Hell;
Vipers and Adders lurking under Smiles,
And flatt'ring Clothes of State: oh! do not tread here;
Under this Maſk of Gallantry and Beauty,
Is a rude Wild; nay, worſe, a dangerous Ocean;

Into

Into worſe Jaws; Love, like a Calenture,
Will tempt us, where we both may ſink and periſh,
Pierc. What, can ſo mean a Creature fright a Queen!
Behold a wretched Thing of your undoing.
Qu. See he ſtands, the Mark of Pity, Heav'n!
Shut, ſhut thy Eyes, and fly with ſpeed away,
Or view the Rocks and Quick-ſands if you ſtay;
Leſt this rough *Helleſpont* I venture on,
And like *Leander* tempt my Fate, and drown. -[*Ex.* Qu.
Pierc. Ha! ſhe's ſurpriz'd! ſhuns me, and flies from me!
And more affrighted is at *Piercy*'s Wrongs
Than guilty Ghoſts, that have eſcap'd to Earth,
Hear the Cock crow to ſummon 'em away,
And ſtart, and tremble at the Sight of Day.
But yet ſhe look'd not like a Foe upon me;
And as ſhe parted, told me with her Eyes,
That there was ſomething in thoſe ſpeaking Tears,
Which might excuſe her, and condemn her *Piercy*.

Enter Northumberland.

North. Son, I am come to tell you joyful News,
The King has charm'd the fair *Diana* to thee,
And is reſolv'd to marry her to-morrow,
And celebrate the Nuptials with a Pomp,
Pierc. The King! the King is marry'd, Sir.
North. He is,
But thou art not: He intends to give her to thee
Himſelf: Why doſt thou ſtart? 'Twas but this Day
You ſwore and vow'd, with all the Signs of Joy,
And Duty to your Father, you'd obey me.
Pierc. Alas! I did: But cannot Heav'n, nor you,
Forgive a raſh, unhappy Man his Vow?
North. No: By the Blood that honours *Piercy*'s Veins,
I ſwear, I will not——
For marry'd thou ſhalt be, and that to her,
Or live a Vagabond, baniſh'd from Wealth,
From Friends and Pity; whilſt I will advance
Thy younger Brother to thy loſt Eſtate,
And ſee thee ſtarve, nay, more and loaded with
The Curſes of thy Father.

Pierc.

Pierc. Hold, Sir!
I'll ſtrive t'obey you; not becauſe I fear
What Miſery or Death can do to me;
Nor to avoid the hungry Lion's Den,
Or Dragon's Teeth, juſt ready to devour me;
For know, I plunge into a State more dreadful:
But that I may not be th' unhappy Cauſe
Of dragging wrongful Curſes from a Father,
Which rather turn upon his Head that aims,
Than hurt the Boſom of the Innocent.

Enter Diana.

North. See! ſhe is coming, brighter than a Goddeſs---
I'll leave you, and commit you to her Cure. [*Ex.* North.

Dian. Yonder's the dear lov'd Man, whom all muſt love,
That loves another too, what ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*
Spite of my Stars, I dote upon a Perſon,
Who has no Heart, no Eyes that are his own;
Nor yet one Look that ever can be mine.

Pierc. Madam! d'you hear the News? My Father tells me
W'are to be marry'd.

Dian. So the King will have it.

Pierc. The King! what would the Tyrant be a God!
To take upon him to diſpoſe of Hearts,
And join unequal Souls with one another!
O beautiful *Diana!* You're all Goodneſs,
A Store of Virtues in as bright a Perſon,
As Heav'n e'er treaſur'd in a Form divine:
If ſo, what can your Eyes behold in me?
What ſee in ſuch a wretched Thing as I,
To marry me?

Dian. How charming is his Perſon!
And much more charming is his Grief! And oh—
How can ſhe e'er receive a Wound more deadly, [*Aſide.*
Than I, tormented with a double Dart
Of Love and Pity——Some kind Deity
Aſſiſt me now, leſt I ſhould ſhew I love him,
And teach my Tongue how to bely my Heart.

Pierc. You ſeem to ſtudy for ſo plain an Anſwer.
Come tell me ſtrait my Faults, and what you think;

For here I ſtand the Mark of Truth to aim at.
What is there in this miſerable Shape,
To look on without Scorn?
Dian. Now kind Heav'n,
Lend me the Cunning now of all my Sex! [*Aſide.*
I like you juſt as well as you like me; [*To* Piercy.
Our Perſons might, for all you have ſaid of mine,
Be mended both, and both receive Additions:
And for your Nature, I'll be plain, aud tell you,
I could have wiſh'd a Man of better Humour;
But 'tis no Matter, ſince w'are both ſo bad,
We are the fitter then for one another.
Juſt Gods! what miſerable Things we are! [*Aſide.*
Oh! when ſhall we attain that bleſs'd Abode,
Where we may never fear to ſpeak aloud,
What's juſt and is no Sin?
Pierc. What do you hate me?
Then you are happier one degree than I;
For ſhould you love me, you are truly wretched.
Dian. Indeed he little thinks I am that Wretch. [*Aſide.*
Tell me wherefore? [*To* Piercy.
Pierc. Becauſe the cruel God
Has robb'd me of my whole Eſtate of Love,
And left me naked, deſolate, and poor;
Not worth one Sigh, nor Wiſh, if that could pay
The Debt I owe: Nay ſhould you come a begging,
Cold and half-ſtarv'd, for Succour to my Door,
You would not find, in all this rifled Cottage,
One Spark, one charitable Spark, to warm you.
Dian. Hear, Heav'n! hear cruel One! whoe'er thou art,
He loves, tho' I am ſlighted, ſcorn'd, nay hated, [*Aſide.*
Wou'd thou hadſt my kind Eyes, my Breaſt, my Soul,
Would all my vital Blood were Balm to cure him.
Yet will our cruel Parents have us married: [*To* Piercy.
Then, ſince we muſt, how know we but our Bodies,
And yet more careleſs and deſpairing Souls,
In time may grow to ſuch Indifference,
As quite forgetting of what Sex we are,
We may like faithful and condoling Friends,
If not like Lovers, live together? *Pierc.*

Pierc. Ay ;
And when y'are ſad, I'll kiſs you like a Brother ;
And if you ſigh, or chance to ſhed a Tear,
I will weep too, and aſk you why you grieve ?
And you ſhall do the like to me, and ſtrait
Embrace me like a Siſter, ſtill remembering
The Subject of our juſt Complaints ſhall be,
You that y'are marry'd———

Dian. You for marrying me.

Pierc. O rarely thought! 'twill be the only Means
To make us happy both againſt our Wills.
We'll moan, we'll ſigh, we'll weep; we'll all but love---
Inſtead of loving pity one another.

Dian. And who can tell but Pity may at laſt,
By gentle, ſoft degrees, grow up to Love.

Pierc. Come, let's away then, ſince they'll have it ſo:
Meet theſe glad Rites to all Mankind but us;
Where the malicious Charm ſhall join our Curſes,
And not our Perſons, but our Woes together :
Then turn us looſe, like two condemn'd, lone Wretches;
Baniſh'd from Earth, no Creature but our ſelves,
In an old Bark on wide and deſart Seas,
In Storms by Night and Day, unſeen by all,
Unpity'd, toſt, not one dear Morſel with us
To eaſe our Hunger, not one Drop of Drink
To quench our raging Thirſt, and which is worſe,
Without one jot of Rigging, Sail, or Steer to guide us.

Dian. Forgive me, Heav'n ! Forgive me all my Sex,
[*Aſide.*
That ever lov'd, or e'er was ſcorn'd like me !
Tho' 'tis my Fate for ever to be hated,
Tho' we are doom'd to dwell like wandring Wretches,
In worſe than what his worſt of Sorrow paints,
Yet I moſt love him, and reſolve to marry him.
And now I challenge all the wondring World,
And more admiring Angels, if they can,
To find who moſt is to be pity'd, He
Or I.---Quick, let us launch then with a Courage,
[*To* Piercy.
Since 'tis our King and cruel Parents Wills.

Pierc. And give a rare Example to the marry'd,

Of Conſtancy: For that which ſeveres them,
Poſſeſſion of their pall'd and loath'd Enjoyments;
Our faithful Woes ſhall join our Lives the faſter.
Dian. And having each of us ſo mean a Stock
Of Love, I in your Breaſt, and you in mine;
We need not fear that Thieves ſhould come to rob us.
Pierc. Nor Jealouſy to part us.
Dian. Well then, *Piercy*;
When our expected Sentence is perform'd,
Where ſhall we take our welcome Baniſhment?
Pierc. To the World's End! far from all fruitful Grounds,
From Corn, and Wine, or any wanton Spring,
In ſome dead Soil, ſo barren and ſo curſt,
Where neither loathſom Weeds nor Thiſtles grow.
Dian. Or ſome deep Cave, where Winds are all ſo ſtill,
And Beaſts ſo far remote, that we ſhall hear
No Howls, nor Groans, but what we make our ſelves.
Pierc. No: on ſome dreadful Rock we'll chuſe to ly,
Whoſe diſmal Top ſeems faſten'd to the Sky;
Thence we can look on all the World below,
So full of Vanity, ſo full of Woe!
And ſometimes on the wreck-devouring Seas,
The Emblem of our preſent Miſeries:
Sigh for the Creatures, think the Storms we ſee
Our cruel Parents, and the Wretches we.
Dian Or waſte our Days in wandring to and fro,
And make our Lives one Harmony of Woe.
Pierc. Till Heav'n ſhall rain down Pity on us——
Dian. No:
We'll not be pity'd. Pity's half a Cure;
That will bring Comfort, which we'll ne'er endure.
Pierc. O my Virago Partner:
Dian. Nay, I dare you.
Pierc. Then here we'll take an Oath, and with this Kiſs
Let's ſtrike a League with Woe; adieu to Bliſs!
And now I challenge the All-ſeeing Sun,
From his proud Proſpect, his high Seas at Noon,
'Mongſt all the Wonders of the World, to ſpy
A Couple half ſo kind as thee and I;
Or all the Matches that e'er Love decreed,
If ever Man and Wife ſo well agreed. Love

Love oft-times flies from Miſery and Pain;
But we reſolve the cloſer to remain.
What tho' we wed in Hatred, we may mend;
We but begin where others ſurely end,
And each of you that marry firſt for Love,
We are but ſooner, what at laſt you'll prove. [*Ex. amb.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Blunt. MY Lord, you act the cunning Lover well
Paint a rare Paſſion under all Diſguiſes;
Yet oh! I wiſh this Art had not been learnt,
But Nature in you, and true Love the Teacher:
Yet I will prize and hoard your Letters ſafe,
As I would fragrant Flowers within my Boſom.

Roch. O my prodigious and exalted Soul,
And my more precious Stars! I bleſs you all.
Is there a Man 'mongſt all your Favourites,
So rich, ſo happy, and ſo lov'd as I!
Methinks for my dear *Anna Bullen*'s ſake,
If poſſible, I love you better now,
Since I dare call you by the Name of Siſter.

Blunt. And I, much more, now I can call you Brother,

Roch. O my too weighty Joys! immortal State!
And more immortal Love!

Blunt. No more, I'll chide you.
This is too great, too violent to laſt——.
Hold! give your Paſſion breath, leave ſome for next,
And love not all your Wiſhes out at once———
Where is the Queen?

Roch. I left her diſcontent.

Blunt. Why, where is *Piercy?* Has ſhe ſeen him yet?

Roch. Seen him ſhe has, but would not ſpeak to him.

Blunt. Not ſpeak to him! Oh cruel, moſt inhuman!
Had ſhe but ſeen him in the State as I did,
She would have ſpoke to him, and dy'd for him.

Roch. Alas! her Cruelty drew Pity from
Her Eyes and mine.

Blunt. Would ſhe not ſpeak t'him then?

Roch. No: not a Word: But quite o'ercame her Pity,
And went away reſolv'd ne'er more to ſee him.
Blunt. The Reaſon.
Roch. She'd not tell—but I muſt doubt
Her ſcrupulous Virtue is the Cauſe.
Blunt. Impoſſible!
Virtue can never lodge with Cruelty.
What Stain were it to th' whiteſt Innocence?
What Crime in the ſevereſt Virtue once,
In her Condition, but to hear him ſpeak?
Come! ſhe muſt ſee him———
Roch. Would my Life and Fortune,
Nay, all my Rights of Love, and Hopes in thee,
Could purchaſe her Conſent to ſee him once,
Pardon the Sallies of moſt mighty Friendſhip,
So well I wiſh him, I would hazard all.
Blunt. Go tell, as from your ſelf, the ſad Condition
Her horrid Cruelty has brought him to
Within this Hour he enter'd my Apartment,
Not like the great, the brave, and charming *Piercy*,
Whoſe Perſon none could ſee without adoring:
But like a dreadful Ghoſt, or horrid Shadow,
Far worſe than what dead melancholy Midnight,
To frighted Man e'er painted in a Dream;
The evil Genius of his Family
Ne'er look'd ſo mad, nor threaten'd half the Woe,
As he did himſelf,
Roch. Unhappy *Piercy*.
Blunt. At firſt his Sight was pointed on the Earth.
There with a Groan, charg'd with a Volley of Sighs,
He lifted up his fatal Eyes on me, which I
Could ſcarce behold with mine, they were ſo full
Of pitying Tears——
Then ran into ſuch bitter ſad Complaints,
Againſt our Sex's loath'd Inconſtancy,
That I was forc'd to chide him———
Roch. Oh, no more!
It wakes my drowſy Conſcience from its Reſt,
And ſtabs it with a Guilt.

Blunt.

Blunt. But then at laſt
From Railings unto Bleſſings ſtrait he fell,
And on his Knees beſeech'd me that I'd plead,
And beg the Queen but once to ſee her *Piercy*;
Which I, rack'd with Compaſſion promis'd him:
Alas! I fear, more than I can perform.
This ſaid, I roſe, and *Piercy* follow'd me:
Therefore I charge you by the Power of Friendſhip,
By *Piercy*'s Woes, and all the Love you owe
To me! go and prevail that he may ſee her:
He ſaid that you had vow'd to bring't to paſs.

Roch. I'll do it inſtantly; and if ſhe will not,
I'll bear her Body in theſe Arms by Force;
Her Mind, I'm ſure is willing to be with him.

Blunt. She's coming ſtrait this way; go quickly you,
(The miſerable Wretch is yet without)
And give him Notice, now's the Time to ſpeak t' her,
Then ſtrait return to hold her in Diſcourſe
Till *Piercy* comes.

Roch. So kind and pitiful!
May all the cruel Sex be bleſs'd for thee. [*Ex.* Roch.

Blunt. So—this has prov'd a lucky Tale, and now
This rare Intelligence goes to my *Wolſey*,
Who'll ſend th' Alarum to thy watchful King,
Strait to ſurprize him with his Wife, like *Jaſon*,
Juſt ſtealing of his golden Fleece away———
She comes, ſhe comes, this Player Queen: but know,
This is the laſt proud Act of all thy Show;
This is a Bait, kind Stars, if you'll not frown,
With which I'll take Revenge, or catch a Crown;
And when ſh'as got her Heav'n, and I my Aim,
Who then dares tell me that I was to blame!
For who contemns a proſp'rous Wickedneſs,
Or thinks that ill that's ſainted with Succeſs.

[*Ex.* Blunt.

Enter Queen with a Letter.

Qu. What ſhall I do! where teach my trembling Feet
Their Way, was ever Virtue ſtorm'd like mine!
Within, without, I'm haunted all alike:
Without, tormented with a jealous King,
Within, my Fears ſuggeſt a thouſand Plagues,
Bid me remember injur'd *Piercy*'s Wrongs, And

And brand me with the Name of Cruel to him;
Then on a ſudden a more dreadful Thought
Upbraids me with Guilt.
And tells me that kind Pity is a Sin.
Witneſs, and blame not me, y' immortal Powers!
When you expoſe two different Paths, one good,
The other bad, and tell not which to take:
If to obey you is my Aim, juſt Heav'n!
'Tis not my Fault if I ſhould chuſe the wrong.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Siſter! Moſt royal, merciful, fair,
And beſt belov'd of Heaven, and all Mankind,
Let your dear Brother make it his Requeſt,
Thus on his Knees, as Deities are charm'd,
That you would hear th' unhappy *Piercy* ſpeak
This once, and but this once——*Piercy*'s without;
Shall my beſt Friend take but his laſt Farewel?
Grant it, or never more let *Rochford* ſee you.

Qu. O Brother, plead no more, 'tis all in vain,
Do not betray thy Siſter to a Guilt,
And ſtrain the chryſtal Virtue of a Soul,
Which ſtill ſhe holds far dearer than a Crown:
Seek not by vile Enchantments to deſtroy
That Innocence, which is yet all my Force;
All the Defence poor *Bullen* has againſt
A jealous Huſband, cruel Foes, and worſe,
Againſt the Malice of inveterate Hell.

Roch. What Dangers can there be? what Guilt in you?
To hear the wretched, and the injur'd pray?
Come; for you will, you ſhall, you muſt now hear him.

Qu. No more! no more! There's yet a ſubtler Orator
Than you, or Pity, pleads for *Piercy* here,
Here in my firm couragious Soul, and ſtronger
Than Father, Mother or ten thouſand Brothers,
Yet I can that deny.

Roch. What ſhall I tell him?

Qu. Tell him we are undone; I muſt not ſee him;
And what's far worſe, the King is jealous? tell him
I love him.——Tell him, what is falſe, I hate him;
Say any thing; but let me not behold him,
For oh! my Weakneſs he ſo fierce aſſaults, 'Twill

'Twill ſpoil—Twill wreck my Conduct—See, he comes.

Enter Piercy.

Moſt cruel!——cruel Brother——Rather——
Help—Take and bear me ſwiftly from the Danger.
Roch. Caſt but one look, and you muſt needs relent.
Qu. What ſhall I do, what Paſſage ſhall I chuſe? [*Aſide.*
Arm me, kind Heav'n! againſt my Foe of Pity.
Pier. Still, ſtill ſhe turns, and hides her treach'rous Eyes--
Is't poſſible that ſhe can feel Remorſe?
Or Pity after all? O no, ſhe loves too well
The fatal Cauſe that purchas'd all this Pomp——
Stay, *Anna Bullen!* ſtay; my Queen——perhaps
It is expected I ſhould call you Queen:
Behold your Hatred——
Qu. Fly, good *Piercy*, fly:
There's Nets preparing for your Life and mine——
There's nought but Snares and Quick-ſands where we tread;
Unfathom'd Pits hid under painted Grounds,
Where vaſt Deſtruction watches to devour us:
Farewel——
Pierc. Hear me but firſt, and ſhew thy Face,
Thy falſe diſſembling Beauties——
Many when wreck'd have been by Dolphins borne,
And ſafely landed on the welcome Shore;
And in the Foreſts, nay, the Monſters Dens,
The Paſſenger half-ſtarv'd for Want of Food,
Has by the Lions oft been ſpar'd and fed.
But cruel *Bullen*, cruel Beauty kills
All whom it fetters, moſt on whom it ſmiles:
Nor can the Elements, nor gentler Brutes,
Teach Woman to be pitiful or good.
Qu. Now, now, juſt Heaven! y' are ſhowering all your Plagues,
At once upon my Head, and I will bear 'em;
Bear 'em like one of you, and bleſs the Weight;
Hear my falſe ſelf upbraided, call'd moſt perjur'd,
Deceitful, and the Monſter of my Sex;
Ev'n I (who, you revengeful Powers above
Know) love this cruel Chider to a Fault!

Ah

Ah *Piercy*, *Piercy*——Fly; for Life begone;
Each Minute that you ſtay brings Death to both.
Pierc. Ah hold! If not for Love, for Pity ſtay;
And if no juſt Complaint can pierce your Hearing,
Then Bleſſings ſhall; Ten thouſand Bleſſings on you,
If you will hear the curs'd of Mankind ſpeak.
Roch. Now, Siſter, heard you that! By Heav'ns it melts me;
Sure I'm turn'd all the Woman, you the Man.
Qu. Give me your Hand, kind Brother, and ſupport me;
Help, for I ſtagger with the treble Weight
Of Grief, Deſpair, and Pity?
My Senſes are all charm'd, and Feet faſt ty'd
To this inchanted Floor——Quick, or I'm loſt,
Pierc. Yet turn; if there's one Jot of Pity in you;
If *Piercy* e'er was worth one Thought, I charge you,
By the lov'd Name of *Anna Bullen*, ſtay———
What then, will nothing move? Oh inexorable!
No not a Look! not *Piercy* worth one Look;
Yet, *Rochford*, hold! Canſt thou too be ſo cruel!
Fell and obdurate both!
Is there no Hope? but will you, will you then
Be gone?
Queen. Fly, Brother, ere it be too late,
For ſhould I liſten but a Moment more,
The Strength of *Hercules* were not enough
To draw me hence, ſo unruly is my Body,
And my unwilling Soul ſo loath to part.
Pierc. Then with my Knees, thus faſtning to the Ground
Your, Robe, and this with my extended Arms
[Piercy *kneels upon her Robe.*
I'll force and charm you, till y' have heard my laſt
Complaint: And then forbear to pity if you can.
Qu. Why doſt thou hold?—Why do I hold my ſelf.
Pierc. Ten thouſand Curſes light upon her Soul
In Hell; and worſe, what mine on Earth endures,
That firſt taught Woman Falſhood———
If for a Crown ſhe's falſe! Oh may that Crown

Sit

Sit loathſome on her Forehead as her Crimes;
May Adders neſt within th' ambitious Round,
And into Stings the fatal Ermins turn;
When dead, may all the Miſeries ſhe feels
Be thro' the World recorded as a Mark
For faithful Lovers to beware, and ne'er
Be nam'd without a Curſe.

Qu. Ah cruel *Piercy!*

Pierc. But for my Queen, let Heav'n and Angels guard her;
Her I except from any bitter Fate;
Let *Anna Bullen*'s Breaſt be ne'er diſturb'd,
Nor Souls upbraided with the Wrongs of *Piercy:*
And oh, kind Heav'n! if there be any Sorrow
(As ſure none e'er can be) ordain'd for her,
Falſe as ſhe is, I beg, that it may fall
Only on wretched *Piercy*'s Head.——May hers
Be all the Pleaſure ſtill, and mine the Pain.

Qu. O Gods! obdurate Heav'ns! Cruel Honour!
And yet more cruel Virtue, hear and ſee; [*Aſide.*

Pierc. And when I ſhall for ever be recluſe,
As now I go to part with all Mankind,
'Twill be my Joy, ſometimes to think of you,
And make me live perhaps one Day the longer,
When in my melancholy Cell I hear
That the Crown flouriſhes on *Bullen*'s Head.

Qu. Ha! I'm overwhelm'd, the Sluices all are broke,
[*Aſide.*
And Pity, like a Torrent, pours me down;
Now I am drowning, all within's a Deluge;
Wiſdom nor Strength can ſtem the Tide no more,
And Nature in my Sex ne'er felt the like——
Help, *Rochford,* ere I'm rooted to this Earth,
Away, away! the leaſt Word more undoes me.

Pierc. Yet turn one Look upon me, ere you go.

Qu. There take it, with my Life, perhaps the Purchaſe——
Take that too; *Piercy,* thou haſt been betray'd;
[*Gives him a Letter.*
Learn there th' unhappy *Bullen*'s Fate——Farewel.

Piere. Yet ſtay—The Soul ne'er parted with ſuch Pangs,
From the pale Body, as you fly from me.
Qu. Piercy adieu—I can—I will—I muſt: No more.
[*Ex.* Qu. *and* Roch.
Piere. What, never ſee you more! She's gone,
She's gone, more lov'd and beautiful than ever:
And now methought, juſt as ſhe parted from me,
She ſhot a Look quite thro' my gory Heart,
And left it gaſping, dying and deſpairing.
What's here, a Letter! and the Character——
That I ſo oft have been acquainted with;
If theſe eternal Kiſſes give me leave,
I'll break it open with as great a Joy,——
As I had leap'd into our Marriage Bed,
And rifled all the Sweets and Pleaſures there——
What's this I read!
Reads,
By wicked Wolſey, Harry, *and our Parents,*
I was betray'd, and forc'd to wed the King,
Who incercepted all thy Letters, ſwearing
With Sacramentel Oaths, that thou wert falſe,
And marry'd firſt—Piercy *adieu, and credit me,*
And that I lov'd thee better than my Life.
Burn this raſh Paper, leſt the Fiends diſcloſe it.
BULLEN.
She's innocent! Oh! ye immortal Powers!
She's innocent! And then ſhe loves me ſtill:
Sound, ſound my Joy, till my exalted Soul
Is wound up to the extremeſt Pitch of Bliſs:
Let *Piercy* never after this be ſad——
Yet hold—What Dawn of Comfort can'ſt thou ſpy
In this—O none——This Glow-worm Spark,
This Glimpſe of Hope is vaniſh'd, and I'm left
In deeper Darkneſs, Horror, and Deſpair,
Than e'er I was before——
Oh *Anna Bullen!* curſt in being true!
And I more curſt in knowing it too late.
Re-enter Queen *and* Rochford.
Ha! ſhe returns! The mourning Angel comes
Again! Sure Heav'n's in Love with both our Miſeries.

The

They look with ſuch a Pomp and Train in me;
And are ſo beautiful in her!
Queen. Well, Brother,
And thou far ſtronger and immortal Pity,
And more immortal Love, y'have brought me back—
Ye have. What! What will you do with me now?
Roch. Could any thing on Earth, Tyger, or Panther,
Much leſs a Creature form'd by Heav'n, like it;
Could you, I ſay, refrain at ſuch an Object?
At the laſt Words of the unhappy Wretch,
And not forbear to balm him o'er in Tears,
Or elſe but hear him ſpeak?
Queen. Now I'm inclos'd again!
The Combat now grows fierce and ſtrong; and oh!
How weak an Armour Reſolution is
Againſt our Paſſions, or the Man belov'd!
Virtue and Honour, hence be proud no more,
Nor brag of your Dominion o'er Mankind:
Leſt Love, moſt fatal Love, too ſoon ſhall tell you,
And make you feel, h'has mightier Chains than you—
See where he is—Look Heav'n with tender Eyes;
Give Counſel to my juſt deſpairing Soul,
And tell me, Pity is no Sin—Ah *Piercy!*
Dian. My charming Queen! my *Anna Bullen!* once
Am I ſo bleſt, and yet ſo wretched too,
As what is written here contains; and tell me,
May I believe that you can love me ſtill?
Queen. Oh *Piercy! Piercy!* urge me not to tell you,
What Heav'n's Auſterity will not permit,
Nor force me to declare—
What the Eternal ſees already written
In too broad Characters within my Breaſt:
How large, how deep thy Story's graven here,
And what I dare not, never muſt unfold——
Oh! I have ſaid too much.
Pierc. What! ſaid too much?
Can you repent of one kind Thought of *Piercy?*
And ſpitefully call back your tender Mercy!
Nay, worſe; can you behold the almoſt naked,
And ſtarv'd beſeeching Wretch, and ſtrive to pull

The tatter'd Remnants from his quivering Joints,
And daſh the Pitcher from the greedy Lips
Of one juſt ready to expire with Thirſt?
Oh cruel Queen: For *Anna Bullen* would not,
She would not, would not uſe her *Piercy* thus.

Queen. Ceaſe, ceaſe, ſuch Sounds——
And turn thy ſad, reſiſtleſs Eyes away;
For if I once behold thoſe Tears, and hear
Thy juſt Complaints, I can no longer hold,
But break I muſt thro' all the Bonds of Virtue.
Nay, ſtood the jealous *Harry* by,
With all his Guards of Devils, *Wolſeys*, Cardinals;
In ſpite of all, in ſpite of more, myſelf,
I muſt both ſee, hear thee, and ſpeak to thee,
And pity thee. Now are you ſatisfied.

Pierc. It is enough, bright Daughter of the Sky:
Y'have conquer'd me, my Deity, you have.
Here on my Knees, yet at a diſtance too,
The Poſture of a Soul in Extaſy,
I beg a thouſand Pardons of my Queen.
A Look, a Sigh, a Tear, from *Anna Bullen*,
Is far more worth than all the trifling Wrongs,
Nay, than the Life and very Soul of *Piercy*.

Queen. Help me, juſt Heav'n, who ſees how I'm beſieg'd,
And what a weak reſiſtleſs Wretch I am!
Why d ye impoſe on us ſo hard a Taſk?
On us poor Womankind, feeble and frail,
Making us here Commiſſioners of Virtue,
Yet put by Drams and Scruples in the Balance,
To counterpoiſe and weigh down Fleſh and Blood,
How weak's my Will to draw my Body hence;
And oh! how loth my Eyes are to depart,
But wiſh for ever to be faſten'd on thee,
And look one Look to vaſt Eternity:
Yet we muſt part, Ah, *Piercy!* part for ever——

Pierc. Ah ſay not ſo! muſt we ſo ſoon, my Queen!
Is then this Moment's Bliſs ſo criminal,
That it muſt forfeit all my precious Hopes
Of an Aſſurance once to meet again?

Queen.

Queen. My Mind now bodes to me, that 'tis our laſt:
Yet I muſt bid thee go: There is no Joy for us;
The World's a Deluge all to thee and me———
There is no reſt, my *Piercy*, in this World,
No Sanctuary to lay the weary Head
Of the undone, th' unpity'd, and betray'd.
Farewell: There's ſomewhat riſes o'er my Soul,
And covers it as with a fatal Cloud
Of Horror, Death, and Fear. It cannot be;
The Sting of Parting cannot do all this;
Farewel, Farewel.

Pierc. Stay; muſt we part for ever?
What never! Never meet again!

Queen. Never till we are Clay, and then perhaps,
Neglected as we were in Life, thrown out in Death,
Some charitable Man may be ſo kind,
To give our poor forſaken Bodies Burial,
Laying 'em both together in one Bed
Of Earth——
Ha! The time's come, my Fatal Doom's at hand.
[*Three Drops of Blood fall from her Noſe, and ſtain her Handkerchief.*
Behold, the Heav'ns in Characters of Blood,
In three inevitable Drops,
Have ſeal'd it, and decreed that it is now!
Ah *Piercy!* Fly, and leave me here alone,
To ſtem this mighty Torrent of my Fate:
Be gone, while I have Life to bid thee go;
For now Death ſtops my Tongue--- [*She ſwoons.*

Pierc. My Lord---
She faints---My Life! My *Anna Bullen* ſtay;
Or your Commands ſhall fetter me no more;
But break I will thro' all the Bars of diſtance,
And catch thee thus, thus hold thee in my Arms—
Rochford! Oh help to call her back again.
Hold, ſtop thy Flight; thou precious Air return!
Far richer than that rare immaculate Breath,
Which Nature's God breath'd in the firſt of Mankind!

Roch. Wake, Sister, wake! Behold no Danger's nigh!

Queen. Ah *Piercy!* Now I wake, with Courage now
To meet my Fate; and see where it approaches.

Enter Cardinal, Northumberland, *and Guards.*

Pierc. Ha! *Wolsey*, and my Father with Guards.

Card. My Lord, ere we discover our Commission,
Pray let your Son be parted from the Queen,
Lest the wrong'd King should see him in his Rage,
And execute his worst of Fury on him.

North. Son! tho' you have committed, in the Court,
The greatest Crime against your Royal Master,
That e'er a Subject can be guilty of;
Yet in respect of my grey Hairs and Tears,
He has been pleas'd to spare your forfeit Life;
Therefore be gone: A Minute's Stay is fatal——
Guards, force him, if he goes not willingly,
And carry him streight by Barge to *Suffolk* House,
Without Reply.

Pier. Obediently I'll go,
If you will promise me that you have nought
Against the sacred Person of the Queen,
And will not touch her: For 'tis greater Sacrilege,
Than 'tis to hurt an Angel, cou'd it be.
She is so innocent, so chaste, and pure.
Else I'm resolv'd to stand, no Rock so firm,
Fixt like the Center to the massy Globe:
You shou'd as soon remove strong *Hercules*,
With his Hands grasping both the Poles of Heaven,
As force me from this Footing where I stand,
And see the Queen but threaten'd, or in danger.

Card. My Lord, on both our Honours, the Queen's Person
Shall be inviolate and sacred always;
Nor know we ought against her—But the King
Is coming strait to visit her, as kindly
As he was wont: Therefore you must be gone—
We have no other reason but your safety.

Pierc. I fear! For ah! what Truth can come from thee?

Thou

Thou ſpeak'ſt but at the ſecond hand from Hell—
Kind Sir, may I believe what *Wolſey* ſays?

Card. Confirm it, good my Lord, or you'll delay.

North. 'Tis true, what the great Cardinal has told you.

Queen. Go, *Piercy*; and miſtruſt not more than I;
Be gone, if I have Pow'r left to command;
Leave me to Innocence and Heav'n, that will not
Permit a Soul that ne'er did any ill,
To fear it.

Pier. Then I'll go—But oh juſt Heav'n!
And all you Angels, Cherubims, and Thrones:
All you bright Guards to the moſt High Imperial,
You kindeſt, gentleſt, mildeſt Planets,
You leſſer Stars, you fair innumerable,
And all you bright Inhabitants above,
Protect the ſacred Perſon of the Queen;
And ſhed your balefull'ſt Venom on their Heads,
That think to ſtain a Whiteneſs like your ſelves.
Farewel— [*Exit* Piercy.

Qu. Farewel.

Card. John Viſcount *Rochford*, By the King's Command
W' arreſt you here of Capital High Treaſon.

Queen. Hear Heaven! My Brother fal'n into the Snare!

Card. And 'tis his Pleaſure that you ſtrait be ſent
Cloſe Priſoner to the *Tower*, with the Lord *Norris*,
Who is ſuſpected with you to be guilty
Of the ſame heinous Crime. Guards! ſeize his Perſon.

Roch. Baſe Villain! Traitor! *Wolſey!* ſay, for what!!

Queen. No Matter. Let a Woman teach thee Courage.
Ne'er aſk for what, ſince 'tis his wiſe Decree
Above, who gave us with a liberal Hand,
And ſat us on the higheſt Spoke of Greatneſs,
No longer than he pleas'd to call us down—

Well, whoſe Turn's next? Come dart your worſt, my Lords,
And meet a temper'd Breaſt, that knows to bear.
By my bright Hopes, y'are more afraid than I;
I did expect you would begin with me!

Card. Moſt Royal Madam, oh! I wiſh the King
Had choſen ſome more willing than our ſelves,
To execute this moſt deteſted Office:
In witneſs of it, on our Knees with Tears,
And Sorrow, we our ſad Commiſſion tell:
It is the King's moſt fatal Pleaſure too,
That you be ſent a Priſoner to the *Tower*,
And thence immediately to both your Tryals.

Roch. Tryal! Oh her wrong'd Innocence! For what?

Qu. No more, dear Brother; let us both ſubmit,
And give Heav'n Thanks, and our moſt Gracious King:
For I'm not ſo preſumptuous of my Virtue,
But think, dear *Rochford*, that both you and I
Have once committed, in our erring Lives,
Something, for which we juſtly merit Death,
Tho' not, perhaps, the thing we are accuſed of.

Enter the King *in a Fury, with Letters in his Hand. Attendants and Guards.*

Card. The King is here!

Qu. Then he is merciful.

King. Where is this Woman! This moſt abhorr'd of Wives?
This Scandal to her Sex, my Crown and Life!
What by your Minion? Oh good-natur'd Huſband!
Down on your Knees, and thank me for a Favour—
See—here are Letters fal'n into my Hands,
Where your dear Brother ſays he has enjoy'd you.

[*Gives the Letters to the* Queen.

Oh thou more damn'd, and more inſatiate far
Than *Meſſalina*; ſhe was chaſte to thee.
Her, half the Men and Slaves of *Rome*
Could ſatisfy; but thou not all Mankind,

With

With Huſband, Brother, Kindred in the Number.
[*She gives 'em* Roch.

Queen. Oh Heavenly Pow'rs! oh Guard of Innocence!
What do I ſee here!—O ſacred Sir!
You took me to your Royal Bed a Hand-maid,
The moſt unworthy of the mighty Favour;
Oh throw me into Dungeons ſtrait, or take
Away my Life, that ne'er offended you:
Take all in recompence from *Anna Bullen!*
'Tis yours; but do not rob me of my Fame,
Nor ſtain my Virtue with ſo foul a Guilt.

Roch. What's here? my amorous Letters ſent to *Blunt!*
Has ſhe betray'd me?

King. I will hear no more—— [*To the* Queen.

Roch. Ah, Royal Sir, theſe Letters I confeſs—

King. Damn thy hot luſtful Breath, thy poiſonous Tongue!
Here take 'em hence, to Tortures, Racks, to Death.

Qu. O Sir! I am prepar'd for any Death;
For worſe than Death, a thouſand, thouſand Torments;
And if you think 'em all not Pain enough,
Here take Advice of *Wolſey*, he'll inſtruct you;
Tell you how you may plague this hated Body:
But do not think that I am ſo loath'd a Creature.

King. Quick; take away thy Hands, or I will force thee——

Qu. You ſhall not, cannot, till I've ſworn the Truth:
For by th' unſpotted Babe within the Womb,
That yet lies wrapt in Innocence, unborn;
By injur'd Truth, by Souls of martyr'd Saints,
By you, my Lord, my Huſband, and my King!
And by the King of Kings, the King of Heaven,
I'm wrong'd! ah Royal, Gracious Sir, I'm wrong'd!

King. Unhand me, or I'll ſpurn thee from thy Hold——

Seize, ſeize on *Piercy*—By my Life, who begs
[*To the Guards.*
In his Behalf's a Traitor worſe than he—
[*To* North. *who kneels.*
Here is another Letter too, it is from *Norris*,
Who much commends your darling ſecret Beauties,
And Sweetneſs of your Lips: yet you are wrong'd!—
Here's Notes of your Muſician too, that charms you.
Eternal Hell! where's ſuch another Monſter?
I have more Horns than any Foreſt yields;
Than *Finſbury*, or all the City Muſters
Upon a Training, or a Lord Mayor's-Day.
Riſe! and be gone, thou Fiend, thou Sorcereſs;
Thy Power, thy Charms, like Witchcraft, all have left thee:
Go you inceſtuous Twins, make haſte and mingle
Your foul, adulterate Blood in Death together—
Oh, they're too long aſunder. Why doſt weep?
Go to thy Death; and what's a greater Pain,
May Heav'n, like me, ſee all thoſe Tears in vain.
[*Ex.* King, *Attendants.*

Roch. Ah Siſter! What dire Fiends muſt puniſh *Rochford?*
What will become of me, the Cauſe of all?

Queen. Fear not: Heav'n knows thy Innocence, and mine!
What tho' we ſuffer here a little Shame,
'Tis to reward our Souls above, and with
Immortal Reſtitution crown 'em there——
We two liv'd in one Mother's ſpotleſs Womb;
And then we ſcarce had purer Thoughts than now!
And ſhortly we ſhall met together in
One Grave.

Roch. O ſay not ſo: Death dare not be ſo cruel.

Qu. Ceaſe, Brother, ceaſe; ſay not a Word in Anſwer;
But lead me like a valiant Man, to Chains.
Come let's prepare—But firſt my Pomp adieu!
[*Kneels, and lays down her Crown.*

From

From Heav'n I did my Crown and Life receive,
And back to Heav'n both Crown and Life I'll give;
And thus in humble Poſture, lay it down
With greater Joy than firſt I put it on. [*Riſes.*
And now I tread more light, and ſee from far
A Beamy Crown, each Diamond a Star.
But oh, you Royal Martyrs! Ceaſe a while
Your crying Blood, that elſe muſt curſe this Iſle:
Of the Imperial aſk it with my Pray'r;
For you are ſtill the neareſt Angels there;
Then *Richards*, *Edwards*, *Henries*, all make room,
The firſt of ſlaughter'd *Engliſh* Queens I come:
Let me amongſt your glorious happy Train,
Free from this hated World and Traitors, reign.
[*Ex. ambo.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cardinal *and* Blunt *ſeverally.*

Card. LUckieſt of Omens! do I meet my *Juno!*
My Fair, Illuſtrious Partner in Revenge!
Come, tell the News that your glad Eyes proclaim:
Speak, by thy Looks I know it muſt be well.
Is ſhe condemn'd? Shall *Rome* be abſolute?
Shall *Wolſey* reign, and ſhall my *Blunt* be Queen?

Blunt. 'Tis as thou ſay'ſt, moſt mighty of thy Function?
Greateſt that e'er adorn'd the Robe, it is:
Theſe Eyes ſaw the bright *Engliſh* Sun eclips'd,
And what is more, eclips'd by Thee and Me?
Caſt by her awful Judges from her Height,
Guilty and ſham'd, as *Lucifer* from Heav'n,
And forc'd to beg it as the mildeſt Sentence,
To loſe her Head.

Card.

Card. Then there's an End of *Bullen.*

Blunt. And what to ſee gave me the greater Joy,
Thoſe Letters counterfeited by the Fool
Her Brother, were the ſtrongeſt Proofs againſt her:
So the ſame Papers, which by your Advice
I got convey'd into her Cabinet,
Were the ſubſtantial'ſt Circumſtances found,
For which ſhe dies.

Card. O juſt and ſacred Rage!
Revenge! Thou greateſt Deity on Earth!
And Woman's Wit the greateſt of thy Council!

Blunt. We ought to veil before your Prieſtly Robe;
My Crown of Wit ſhall ne'er ſtand Candidate
With your's; and yet I dare be bold to ſay,
This I, and Malice would have done alone,
Without the mighty Aid of *Wolſey*'s Brain.

Card. Then nothing's to be done by Fate, nor *Wolſey*,
But take the vanquiſh'd Crown from *Bullen*'s Head,
And place it ſuddenly on your's.

Blunt. For which,
My gracious *Wolſey*, I will ſo reward you.——

Enter to them Piercy.

Pierc. Blackneſs eternal cover all the World!
Infernal Darkneſs, ſuch as *Ægypt* felt,
When the great Patriarch curſed the fated Land,
And with a Word extinguiſh'd all the Light.

Blunt. See *Piercy*'s here! more mad than we are joyful:
Does't not make young the Blood about thy Heart,
To ſee that our Revenge not ſingly hits,
But, like a Chain-ſhot carries all before it?

Card. Let us avoid him——You intend to ſee
The Queen receive her Death: But I, to hide
The Pleaſure that perhaps the Sight would give me,
Will paſs this Day at *Eſher*, like a Mourner.

Pierc. Behold, the Sun ſhines ſtill: inſtead of Darkneſs,
Yon azure Blue's unſpeckled with a Cloud;

The

The Face of Heav'n ſmiles on her as a Bride.
This Day, the Sun ſits mounted on his Chariot,
And darts his ſpiteful Beams in ſcorn of Pity;
Bates not a Jot of the illuſtrious Pomp
He ſhould have furniſh'd on her Wedding-Day;
Heav'n looks like Heav'n ſtill, Nature as it was:
Men, Beaſts, and Devils; every thing that lives,
Conſpires, as pleas'd at *Anna Bullen*'s Fall,
Behold, juſt Powers! the Curſes of the Land!
Stay you, amphibious Monſters, Prieſt and Devil!
[*To the* Card. *and* Blunt.
And Strumpet, if it can be, worſe than both!
You far more dreadful Pair than thoſe that firſt
Betray'd poor eaſy Man, and all Mankind:
Thou fatal Woman, Thou! and Serpent, Thou!
By whoſe ſole Malice (oh that Heav'n ſhou'd let it!)
A greater Innocence this Day is fallen,
Than ever bleſt the Walks of Paradiſe.

Card. My Lord, I ſhall acquaint the King with this,
And thoſe juſt Lords, the Judges of her Cauſe,
Whom your baſe Malice wrongs—But I'm above it—
Farewel. [*Exit* Card. *and* Blunt.

Pierc. Bold Traitors! Hell-hounds, hear me firſt;
Stay you infectious Dragons; do you fly?
Does *Anna Bullen*'s Chaſtity and Virtue,
Writ in this angry Fore-head, make you ſtart?——
[*Exit.*

Enter Diana *to him.*

What, the fair, wrong'd *Diana*'s Face in Tears!
Can *Anna Bullen*'s Miſeries attract
The nobleſt of Compaſſion, Pity from
A Rival's Breaſt? Thou Wonder of thy Sex!
How far more wretched mak'ſt thou *Piercy* ſtill,
When I behold how much thou doſt deſerve,
And I ſo very little have to pay?

Dian. What rocky Heart could have refrain'd from Pity,
To ſee the Sight, that I did? Any thing
But Man, moſt cruel Mankind, would have griev'd;
Tygers

Tygers and Panthers would have wept to ſee her;
And her baſe Judges, had they not been Men,
Would have bemoan'd her like departing Babes.
Pierc. Is *Rochford* too condemn'd?
Dian. Alas! he is.
Rochford and *Norris* both, receiv'd their Sentence,
And both behav'd themſelves like gallant Men——
But for the Queen! Ah, *Piercy*, ſuch bright Courage
No Thought can dictate, nor no Tongue relate:
When ſhe was tax'd with that unnatural Crime,
Adultery with her Brother; ('tis a Sin,
That e'er it ſhou'd be nam'd!) at firſt ſhe ſtarted,
And ſoon an innocent, not guilty, Red
Adorn'd her Face, and fainted it with Tears;
But ſtrait conceiving it a Fault, ſhe ſmil'd,
Wip'd off the Drops, and chid the Bluſh away.
Pierc. When I am dead, may my ſad Tale be bleſt,
And have no other Tongue but thine to tell it.
Dian. Then with the Meekneſs of a Saint ſhe ſtood;
With ſuch amazing Oratory, dazzled,
And like the Sun, darted quite thro' her Judges,
And ſham'd their Guilt, that none durſt look upon her,
But oh! What's deſtin'd in the blackeſt Pit
Of Hell, what Innocence can e'er withſtand;
Whate'er ſhe ſaid, that Angels cou'd not finer,
And ſhew'd a Soul, no Chryſtal nigh ſo clear;
Tho' all appear'd to be the Plot of Devils,
Yet was ſhe guilty found; and Oh, ſad *Piercy!*
(May all Eyes weep at it, like thine and mine)
Condemn'd to loſe her Head.
Pierc. Hell dare not think it.
Dian. The cruel Duke of *Norfolk*, her Relation,
As Steward for the Day, pronounc'd the Sentence.
Pierc. And my hard-hearted Father too was there.
Dian. My Lord! What ſaid you? Your hard-hearted Father!

Oh

Oh blotted let it be from all Records,
And never be in *England*'s Annals read,
What I'm about to tell you: Her own Father,
The Earl of *Wiltſhire*, ſat amongſt her Judges.
Pierc. O Monſter damn'd! than cruel *Titan* worſe,
That eat up his own Iſſue as he got 'em.
Dian. Behold, the King! all Knees are bent, all Hands,
All good Mens Eyes lift up to Heav'n and him,
To beg the life of her that glads the World.
Pierc. Make uſe of all thy Woman's Art to win him;
Let all petition him that ſhare her Blood,
Matrons, Wives, Virgins, all the charming Sex.
Dian. Do you withdraw, you but incenſe the King——
I've yet a ſoft Experiment to try,
Shall pierce his ſtubborn Nature to the quick.
Pierc. That Angel th' art inſpir'd with, proſper thee. [*Ex.*

Enter King *and Attendants.*

King. Piercy! did I not charge he ſhould be ſeiz'd?

[*To the Guards who go out to ſeize* Piercy.

Now by the ſacred Crown of *England*'s Monarchs,
Let none entreat me upon Pain of Death.

[*To Petitioners.*

What's here? A Liſt of baſe Petitioners
For *Norris*' Life! Hell and Confuſion ſeize 'em:
Have I not, like a Rock againſt the Seas,
And Mountain 'gainſt the Winds, ſtood thus unſhaken,
Deny'd all *England*'s Prayers, and Tears of Angels,
Nay more, this Heart, that pleads with mortal Pangs
For my dear *Anna Bullen*'s Life? And ſhall I
Pardon a Slave before I would my Queen?

Enter Northumberland, *who kneels.*

King. Why doſt kneel?
North. I met my Son this moſt unlucky Moment,
Juſt as the Guards were ready to obey,
And execute your fatal Orders on him,

Who in Deſpair, or rather in Obedience,
Making a faint Reſemblance to reſiſt;
As they were ſtriving to put by his Sword,
He on a ſudden open'd wide his Arms,
And on his Breaſt receiv'd a wilful Wound.
I kneel with humble Prayers, that his Diſaſter
Would mitigate your preſent and juſt Fury:
And grant my Son his Freedom, till his Hurt
Is cur'd, which is not mortal.

King. Be it ſo.

Enter Diana, *leading the young Princeſs* Elizabeth, *with Women.*

Dian. Pardon this bold Intruſion in your Preſence:
Your Daughter, Sir, this little Princeſs here,
Poſſeſt with Woman's Rage, and far above
The little ſparkling Reaſon of a Child,
Scream'd for her Father; where's my Father, ſaid ſhe?
And as we brought her to you, ſtill ſhe cry'd,
Unleſs ſhe ſaw her Father, ſhe would die.

King. What would you have, my little *Betty*, ſay?

Child. But will you promiſe me that you'll not frown,
And cry aloud, Hough? and then indeed I'll tell you.

King. I do: come let me take thee in my Arms——

Child. No: But I'll kneel: For I muſt be a Beggar,
And I have learnt, that all who beg of you,
Muſt do it kneeling.

North. Prettieſt Innocence!

King. Well then, what is't, my little Pratler, ſay?

Child. I'm told that ſtrait my Mother is to die,
Yet I have heard you ſay, you lov'd her dearly:
And will you let her die, and me die too?

King. She muſt die, Child: There is no Harm in Death.

Beſides,

Beſides, the Law has ſaid it, and ſhe muſt.
Child. Muſt! is the Law a greater King than you?
King. O yes. But do not cry, my pretty *Betty*:
For ſhe'll be happier when ſhe's dead, and go
To Heaven.
Child. Nay I'm ſure ſhe'll go to Heaven.
King. How art thou ſure?
Child. Some Body told me ſo
Laſt Night, when I was in my Sleep.
King. Who was it?
Child. A fine old Man, like my Godfather *Cranmer*.
Card. Ay, there's the Egg that hatch'd this Cockatrice.
Child. Pray Father, what's that huge, tall, bloody Man?
I ne'er ſaw him but once in all my Life,
And then he frighted me. He look'd for all
The World, juſt like the Picture of the Pope;
King. Why, don't you love the Pope?
Child. No indeed don't I,
Nor never will.
King. Ay, but you muſt, my Dear;
He is a fine old Man too, if you ſaw him.
Card. Go, y'are a little Heretick.
Child. A Heretick!
Pray, Father, what does that bold Fellow call me?
What's that?
King. Why that's one that forſakes the right,
And turns to a new, wrong Religion.
Child. Then I'm no Heretick: For I ne'er turn'd
In all my Life. But you forget your Child;
Dear Father, will you ſave my Mother's Life?
King. You muſt not call me Father: For they ſay,
Y'are not my Daughter.
Child. Who's am I then?
Who told you ſo? that ugly old, bald Prieſt?
He tells Untruth. I'm ſure you are my Father.

King. How art?

Child. 'Cauſe I love none ſo well as you——
But oh you'll never hear me what I have to ſay,
As long as he, that Devil there ſtands by
Your Elbow.

King. Ha! what Devil?

Child. That red Thing there.

King. Oh Child, he is no Devil, he's a Cardinal.

Child. Why does he wear that huge, long Coat then,
Unleſs it be to hide his cloven Feet?

Card. Sir, all deſign'd by *Cranmer* for the Queen,
Of whom ſhe has learnt this Leſſon like a Parrot.

King. Take her away, I were Fool indeed,
If Womens Tears, and Childrens idle Prattle,
Should change my fixt Reſolve, and cheat my Juſtice—
Away with her.

Child. Oh, but they dare not:
Father, will not you let your *Betty* kiſs you?
Why do you let 'em pull me from you ſo?
I ne'er did anger you:
Pray ſave my Mother, dear King-Father do;
And if you hate her, we will promiſe both,
That ſhe and I will go a great huge Way,
And never ſee you more.

King. Unlooſe her; hough!
Hence with her ſtrait: I will not hear her prate
Another Word. Go, y' are a naughty Girl.

Child. Well, I'm reſolv'd when I am grown a Woman,
I'll be reveng'd, and cry, Hough too.

[*Ex.* Diana, Princeſs, *Women.*

King. Ha! Spirit!
Mount all the Draw-Bridges, and guard the Gates,
Then bring the Priſoners forth to Execution:
Norris and *Rochford* firſt, and then the Queen,
My Lord *Northumberland*, be it your Taſk;
Diſpatch my Orders ſtrait, and fetch the Traitors—
What's this that gives my Soul a ſudden Twitch,

And

And bids me not proceed? Ha! is't Compaſſion!
Shall Pity ever fond the Breaſt of *Harry!*
'Tis but a Slip of Nature, and I'll on.
Think on thy Wrongs; the Wrongs her Luſt has done thee,
And ſweep away this loath'd inceſtuous Brood,
As Heav'n would drive a Plague from off the Land:
Think thou ſhalt have thy *Seymour* in thy Arms,
Who ſhall reſtore thy Loſs with double Charms:
And tho' my *Bullen* ſets this Night and dies,
Seymour, next Morn, like a new Sun ſhall riſe.
[*Ex.* King, *Attendants.*

North. With an unwilling Heart I take this Office;
And Heav'n, if *Anna Bullen*'s innocent,
Forgive me, ſince it is my King's Command:
My Breaſt is ſad, and tender for her, all;
Tho' *Piercy* ne'er can riſe, but by her Fall——

Enter to him Rochford, *Lieutenant, and Guards.*

Roch. Will't not be granted, that I here may ſee
My Siſter ere I die, to part with her?

Lieut. There is my Lord *Northumberland*, he'll tell you.

Roch. My Lord, you are come to ſee a wretched Pair
Of *Ormond*'s Iſſue leave this fatal World:
Shall we not meet, and take our laſt Farewel?

North. Norris, my Lord, is now upon the Scaffold,
Then your Turn follows; but before that time,
I gueſs the Queen will be prepar'd, and come.

Roch. Forgive me, Heav'n, my Paſſion, and my Crime,
For Nature's Choice of a wrong, fatal Object,
Loving too well, what in Effect was ill.
O all ye ſtrict Idolaters of Beauty!
You fond, ſevere Adorers of that Sex,
Who think that all their Vices cannot center
In one vile Woman's Breaſt; ſee and repent!

Behold 'em all together
In the infernal *Blunt*, in her they're fix'd.
Thus have they all been curſt, and thus they all
Have been betray'd, that lov'd ſo well as I.

Enter Queen *going to Execution, all in white*; Diana, *Women in Mourning*; *Guards*.

Queen. Come, where are thoſe muſt lead me to my Fate?
To a more happy Marriage Bed,
And my eternal Coronation Day———
What, *Piercy*'s Father! muſt he do the Office?
Still I can bear it all, and bear it bravely.

North. Madam! It is the King's ſevere Command,
That I attend your Majeſty to th' Scaffold.

Qu. Enough, my Lord, you might have ſpar'd that Title:
Alas! I wiſh it ever had been ſpar'd——
I ſhould have been, if Malice had not reign'd,
Your *Piercy*'s Wife, the Scope of my Ambition:
I ne'er had then been mounted to a Throne;
Then this unhappy Hour had never been.

Roch. Mind this you rocky World, and mourn in Chaos;
Such Words as theſe the Heav'ns muſt weep to hear,
And make yon Marble Roofs diſſolve in Tears.

Queen. What! do you weep to ſee your Miſtreſs' Glory,
That ſhall ſtraitway wipe off the Stain on Earth
She bears, with an unſpotted Fame in Heaven?
I charge you, by my Hopes, and by your Hopes,
When you are going where I ſoon ſhall go;
By the illuſtrious Pomp I long to meet;
The ſacred, juſt Rewards of injur'd Truth;
Acquaint this noble Lord, and all here preſent,
If e'er you ſaw in all my Nights or Days,
Or in my looſer Hours of Mirth or Humour,
The ſmalleſt Sign of that moſt horrid Guilt
That I'm condemn'd for.——Why are you all dumb?

If you are loth to tell it whilſt I live,
Proclaim it when I am dead, to all the World,
That Heav'n may bar the Gates of Bliſs againſt me,
And throw me to the blackeſt of Hell's Dungeons,
Where all Diſſemblers at their Death ſhall howl.

Wom. Alas! moſt glorious Miſtreſs, none can wiſh
Themſelves more innocent for Death than you.

Queen. What, doſt thou weep, unhappy Brother, too!
Oh ſhew me not ſuſpected, nor thyſelf
So guilty, by ſuch Softneſs—— learn of me!
This Breaſt that's petrify'd by conſtant Woes,
By all my Wrongs, m' Injuſtice, and my Cauſe,
Who ſees me weep, they ſhall be Tears of Joy.
Who grieves to leave the World, ſhall never come
Where I am going, where all Sorrow's baniſh'd.

Roch. Tho' I am innocent, my Fate is not;
'Tis that has been unjuſt to thee and me.

Qu. Tho' 'tis a common, 'tis a fatal Sign,
We weep when we are born: But it was
More ominous, and much more fatal prov'd,
From theſe prophetick Eyes there guſh'd a Shower,
When *Harry* gave his faithleſs Hand to me;
And on my Coronation-Day the like,
My boding Heart another Tribute rack'd;
Methought there ſat a Mountain on my Head,
The Curſes of wrong'd *Catherine* weigh'd me down;
And made my Crown indeed a maſſy Crown.

Roch. Deny me not a little tender Grief,
For every Drop of Blood that's to be ſhed
Of that ineſtimable Maſs of thine,
My Soul muſt rack a thouſand Years in Hell.

Qu. Forbear ſuch Words——You have not injur'd me;
I might as well tax Providence, as you;
For Heav'n that heard the Perjury of Villains,
Might, if it pleas'd, have choak'd 'em with its Thunder,

Or ſent them with a Lightning-blaſt to Hell!
But he has bent their Rage another Way,
[*One whiſpers* North.
And on their Malice we ſhall ſafely mount,
As on a Cherubim, to Heav'n.
North. My Lord,
You muſt prepare; a Meſſenger is come,
Who brings the News that *Norris* is beheaded.
Qu. Alas! unhappy *Norris*, art thou dead?
Yet why do I ſuch Wrong to pity thee?
Thou'rt happier by ſome Moments now than I.
Roch. Come! Lead me to my Reſt, my Reſt from Wrongs.
Now, *Anna Bullen*, teach me all thy Courage;
Thy Innocence that makes the Heav'ns amaz'd,
And the more guilty Angels bluſh to ſee:
Help me to paſs this *Rubicon* of parting,
This mid-way Gulph that hangs 'twixt Earth and Sky!
Then that bleſt Region, all beyond is mine,
And *Cæſar* was not half ſo great as I.
Queen. Go! be a lucky Harbinger for me;
Tell all the Saints and Cherubims, and Martyrs,
Tell all the wrong'd, that now are righted there,
Till it ſhall reach the higheſt Imperial Ear,
That *Anna Bullen* is a coming ſtrait.
Roch. Wilt not embrace thy dying Brother firſt!
One Father and one Mother gave us Birth;
And one chaſte, innocent Nature's Bed inclos'd us——
Theſe are our Parents Arms, and ſo are thine.
Then all you Saints above, and Men below,
Bear Witneſs, and I vow it on my Death,
It is the greateſt, firſt, and only Favour
I e'er receiv'd from *Anna Bullen*'s Perſon.
Qu. In ſpite of Scandal, Malice, and the World;
Nay, were the King and our vile Judges by,
Since Heav'n is ſatisfied it is no Sin,
I will embrace thee, think I've in my Arms,
Both Father, Mother, Siſter, Brother, all;
And Envy cannot blame me now for this.

Roch.

Roch. Thus let my Soul into thy Boſom fly,
That I may feel the Stroke of Death for thee;
And when the fatal Ax hangs o'er thy Head,
O may it lull thee, and not ſtrike thee dead;
Softer than Infants Dreams, or with leſs Pain
Than 'tis to ſleep, or to be born again——
[*Ex.* Roch. *to Execution.*

Queen. So, this is paſt and vaniſh'd! But behold
A greater yet——Now I begin to dread——

Enter Diana, *with the young Princeſs and Women.*

Ah, kind *Diana!* wonderful and good!
The Pity that thou ſhew'ſt thy dying Friend,
This little One, I hope, will live to pay.

Dian. Ah, Royal Miſtreſs! *England*'s falling Star!
Beſt Pattern that e'er Earth receiv'd from Heav'n——
I need not fear theſe Eyes ſhould ſee you die:
For e'er that Time, juſt Grief ſhall ſtrike me dead;
Or Torrents of theſe Tears will make me blind.

Queen. Come, lift her to my Arms, and let me kiſs her,
For 'tis the laſt kind Office you will do me.
Now let me preſs thy little Coral Lips
With my dead pale ones now! And oh let me
Infuſe ſome of thy Mother's lateſt Breath
In Bleſſings on thy tender, blooming Soul——
What's this, that tempts me with a Mother's Fondneſs!
To break my Reſolution, and upbraids me,
That I muſt leave thee to a Father's Rage,
And yet more cruel Enemies to both?
Leave thee a Lamb, 'mongſt Wolves; for all who've been
Thy Mother's Foes, will certainly be thine.

Dian. Tygers, nor Devils! or what's more inhuman,
Envy of Mankind, cannot be ſo curſt.

Queen. See, ſee *Diana!* by my Wrongs it weeps,
Weeps like a thing of Senſe, and not a Child;

Like

Like one well underſtood in Grief: the Tears
Drop ſenſibly in order down its Cheeks;
And drown its pretty Speech in thoughtful Sorrow.
Nothing could ſhoot Infections thro' my Breaſt
But this; and this has done it——
Why weeps my Child? Ah, what a Queſtion's that!
Dian. Behold! how't ſtrives; and 'twixt Tears and Throbs,
If it could form a Language, it would ſpeak.
Queen. Strive not for Words, my Child; theſe little Drops
Are far more eloquent than Speech can be——
Be pitiful, my Lord; and thou my kind
Diana, ever faithful to thy Queen:
When I am dead, as ſhortly I ſhall be,
Take this poor Babe, and carry't to the King;
Its Lips juſt pregnant with its Mother's Fondneſs,
Perhaps he'll take her then into his Arms;
And tho' the Favour were to me deny'd,
Steal there a Kiſs of mine:
Say, 'tis the laſt Requeſt of *Anna Bullen*——
North. Remove the little Princeſs
To her Apartment, where we ſtrait will come,
And wait on her, as is the Queen's Command.
Queen. Yet let me hold her but a Moment longer,
And with this Kiſs, that now muſt be my laſt,
Unlock a Secret, which Heav'n dictates to me.
If e'er there is a Light that does tranſcend
Dark human Knowledge in the Breaſt of Men,
Fate to foreſee, there is a Light at Death,
And that now bids me ſpeak. Thou little Child
Shalt live to ſee thy Mother's Wrongs o'erpaid,
In many Bleſſings on thy Woman's State.
From this dark Calumny, in which I ſet,
As in a Cloud, thou like a Star ſhalt riſe,
And awe the Southern World: That holy Tyrant,
Who binds all *Europe* with the Yoke of Conſcience,
Holding his Feet upon the Necks of Kings,
Thou ſhalt deſtroy, and quite unlooſe his Bonds,

And lay the Monſter trembling at thy Feet.
When this ſhall come to paſs, the World ſhall ſee
Thy Mother's Innocence reviv'd in thee.
[*Exit Women with the young Princeſs* Eliz.
North. Madam! With greater Pain to me than Racks,
I'm forc'd to let you know your Brother's dead;
And that, alas! you muſt prepare.
Queen. My Lord!
I thank you, you miſtake your noble Office;
It is the Voice of Angels to wrong'd Martyrs,
The Sound of Cherubs trumpeting from Heav'n——
I've heard it ſaid, amongſt our many Ends,
Beheading is the mildeſt Death of any.
If it be ſo; I thank my gracious Lord,
For I was never us'd to Pain——How ſay you?
North. We cannot wiſh you leſs, ſince y'are to die.
And if the Head's-Man do as he's commanded,
'Twill be no more than 'tis to drop aſleep.
Queen. My Lord, I've but a little Neck;
Therefore I hope he'll not repeat his Blow;
But do it, like an Artiſt, at one Stroke.
North. There is no Fear. He has particular Order.
Queen. Then let me go; Heav'n chides my fond Delay.——
But tell the King, I ſay it as I juſt
Am going to die; I both forgive, and bleſs him,
And thank him as my kindeſt Benefactor——
Firſt from an humble Maid he lifted me
To Honour; then he took me to his Bed,
The higheſt State that I could be on Earth;
And now, as if he thought he ne'er could do
Enough for me, has mounted me to Heav'n——
North. Mr. Lieutenant, on, and lead the way.
Queen. If 'tis no ſin to ſkip one Moment now,
Of what belongs to Heav'n; let me remember
Poor *Piercy* once——Here, take this innocent Kiſs,
A Token to you both——'Tis thine and his——
Farewel, *Diana.* Farewel to you all.

Dian.

Dian. A long Farewel to all our Sex's Glory.

Queen. Weep not for me; but hear my dying Sentence.

Any that ſhall hereafter fall like me,
Falſly accus'd by wicked Men and Traitors;
Tho' in this World y'are great, in Virtue ſtrong,
Never blaſpheme, and ſay, that Heav'n does wrong;
Nor think an undeſerved Death is hard,
For Innocence is ſtill its own Reward.
And when th'Almighty makes a Saint, ſometimes
He acts by Contraries, and Villains Crimes:
Whilſt thus their Malice always cheated is,
And leads us but the neareſt way to Bliſs.

[*Exit Queen to Execution, with* Northumberland *and Guards.*

Enter Piercy *alone.*

Pierc. I dread the horrid Deed is done, or now
A doing, elſe what means this ſudden Gloom
Clad o'er the Morning-Sky, and all Mankind?
All paſs with Horror by, with frighted Looks and Voice
Lift up to Heav'n, who ſees and hears in vain:
Then ſhake their melancholy Heads like Time:
A general Conſternation ſeizes all,
As if the univerſal Empreſs of the World,
Nature itſelf, were fled with *Anna Bullen*——

Enter a Gentleman with a Handkerchief ſtain'd with the Queen's Blood.

Haſt thou beheld this great Eclipſe of Virtue?
Speak, is the Queen beheaded? Haſt thou done
As I commanded?

Gent. Sir, when the fatal Blow I ſaw perform'd,
Swift as a Whirlwind, thro' the Croud I ruſh'd,
And as the Blood from their rich Veſſels drain'd,
This Linen with the ſacred Crimſon ſtain'd.

Pierc. Give't me! and leave me to myſelf a Moment.

Now ſacred Drops, now heav'nly Nectar, firſt
I'll kiſs, then pledge you with a dying Thirſt——
What's this! I feel my Soul beat at my Wound,

And

And bid me remember now's the Time,
Now to let out Life's navigable Stream,
And mix it with this moſt celeſtial Flood:
Thus, as kind Rivers to their Ocean run,
Firſt I'll deſcend by juſt Degrees to Earth,
Thus on my Knees, and wing my Soul to Heaven,
[*Kneels.*
Where *Anna Bullen* waits her *Piercy*'s coming;
And with this bloody Sign the Pow'rs implore,
Like a poor Wretch ſhipwreck'd on ſome lone Shore,
Who ſpies a Sail far off, waves 'em his Hand
To come, and waft him from the barren Land.

Enter Diana.

Behold the good *Diana*——by thoſe Tears,
Something of Horror 'tis thou haſt to ſay.

Dian. Alas! my Lord, what have you done?
Your Wound does bleed afreſh!
Your Looks are alter'd! all thoſe maſculine Beauties,
That ſhone in your illuſtrious Face, and made
The nobleſt brave Epitome of Mankind,
Are vaniſh'd on a ſudden; and you hang
Like a pale Carcaſe on my trembling Arms——
Ha! let me run and call for Help——I'll fetch
Your Father, fetch the King. Quick, let me go——

Pierc. O bear me to ſome horrid Deſart rather,
Where nought but Tygers, Wolves, and Panthers breed,
They are more merciful than King or Parent,
I feel, like the wrong'd Patriarch, a Deſire
To do ſome fatal Miſchief with my End.
Stand by me, and correct me with thy Virtue,
Elſe I ſhall loſe the Duty of a Son,
And Subject; do a Raſhneſs to be fam'd for,
Pull down a Shower of Curſes on the Heads
Of this *Philiſtine* King, and cruel Father.

Dian. Still, ſtill your Looks grow paler, and your Strength
Decays! Oh let me call ſome Help. Who's there?

Pierc. Grief, like a ſubtle Limbeck, by Degrees,
With ſtill Diffuſion quite diſſolves my Heart,
And ſteals by Drops my Blood and Spirit away.
But firſt *Diana*, I'll be juſt to thee——
I doubt if I have Strength to riſe again——
[*She raiſes him upon his Knees.*
My Father made me vow to be your Husband;
If I here die—I kneel that you'd forgive me;
But if I live, I'll keep my Promiſe to you.

Dian. You faint, you ſink, you die; ſome Creature help——

Pierc. Go, ſtrive to lave the Waters of the Sea,
And quench the burning *Ætna*, 'tis in vain,
And ſo are *Eſculapius*, Remedies to me—
Look, ſeeſt thou this, as long as I have this,
[*Shews the Handkerchief.*
This here, to waft me o'er Death's dreadful Main,
I need no Sword, no Poiſon, nor no Pain.

Dian. What's that I ſee? Your Blood! your vital Blood,

Pierc. Yes! of a Heart far dearer than my own.
Now, now my Blood, my Crowd of Spirits, all
Ruſh, to behold and with their Standard fall.

Dian. Why ſtand I here, like Marble made of Woe,
And run not for the Cure of both our Lives?
For ſhould I ſtay, I ſhall betray my Love
In dying with him. [*Ex.* Diana *running.*

Pierc. Thus when the gen'rous Lion ſees the Blood
Of his once Royal Maſter ſhed, like this,
Taking the Lawn, ſtain'd with Imperial Gore,
At firſt he frowns and then begin to roar,
Laſhes his Sides; his fiery Eye-balls rolls,
And with his awful Voice Revenge he calls;
Till finding no Relief, at length he's mute,
And weeps, Tears falling from the kingly Brute;
Then gently on it, as his Death-bed lies,
And with a Groan breaks his ſtout Heart, and dies.
[*Dies.*

Enter

Enter Northumberland, *and Gentleman.*

Gent. He's dead! Alas, he's dead! W'are come too late!

North. Here let me fix till my grey Hairs ſhall root,
Or turn to Snakes, to plague this aged Head;
And never more be look'd on to upbraid me!
This is a Puniſhment for what my Eyes
Unpitying ſaw; and now I feel, dear *Piercy*,
Thy Father's Curſes on his own Head turn,
And thou art bleſt: and I, alas! forlorn.

Enter King, *Lords, Attendants and Guards.*

King. Whom mourn'ſt thou over? Whoſe dead Body's that?

North. 'Tis *Piercy*'s; You and all good Men ſhou'd weep,
For you have loſt a faithful Queen, and I a Son.

King. Thy Tongue's too bold! Are all the Traitors dead?

North. Norris, and *Rochford*, and th' unhappy Queen,
Were all beheaded in one fatal Hour;
Yet all the Traitors are not dead.

King. What mean'ſt thou?
Say! Who has 'ſcap'd?

North. The haughty *Blunt*, deck'd with
Her proudeſt Ornaments of Gold and Jewels,
Came to behold their Ends upon the Scaffold,
And ſaw 'em with a helliſh Cruelty;
Till *Anna Bullen*'s Head lopp'd from her Body,
The brighteſt Ornament of that Perſon, fell
Upon that wretched Woman's Knees, as ſhe
Was ſitting to behold that diſmal Sight:
The Trunkleſs Head with darting Eyes beheld her,
Making a Motion with its Lips to ſpeak,
As if they meant t'upbraid her curſed Treaſon.
When ſtrait the dreadful Accident ſo ſtruck her,
Swift as a Hind ſhe gave a Leap, and with
A ſudden Skriek, ſhe ſtarted into Madneſs,
So fierce, that juſt and ſpeedy Death muſt follow;
Then uttering ſtrange, and horrid guilty Speeches;

In

In her Diſtraction ſhe accus'd her ſelf,
And *Wolſey*: Talk'd that the Queen was innocent;
Saying the Letters found within her Cloſet
Were falſe, and plac'd by them to ruin her.
For which ſhe ſaid, her cruel Ghoſt did haunt her.

King. Where is the Traitor *Wolſey?*

North. Fled to *Eſher.*

King. Go you in Perſon and ſecure the Villain;
Many foul Cauſes claim his forfeit Life;
But if I find him guilty in the leaſt,
Of a Contrivance with this curſed Woman,
(Tho' the Queen juſtly merited her End)
I'll rack his Soul out with a Thouſand Tortures.

North. 'Twould be ſome Joy to my Revenge and *Piercy*'s.

King. For thy Son's Death, thy King ſhall be a Mourner——

Now Heav'n vouchſafe to pardon till this time,
What I by Sycophants Advice have done;
I will be abſolute and reign alone;
For where's a Stateſmen fam'd for juſt and wiſe,
But makes our Failings ſtill his Aim to riſe
If Subjects thus their Monarchs Wills reſtrain,
'Tis they are Kings, for them we idly reign:
Then I'll firſt break the Yoke; this Maxim ſtill
Shall be my Guide, *A Prince can do no Ill!*
In ſpite of Slaves, his Genius let him truſt;
For Heav'n ne'er made a King, but made him juſt.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.